

64

PAGES

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NO. 15

ALI  
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MAGIC TRICKS  
PETEY & POP  
HELL'S  
ANGELS

SPARKLING

# STARS

VARIETY FEATURES DETECTIVE · ANIMATION · SPORTS · TRUE



TAK HIGGINS



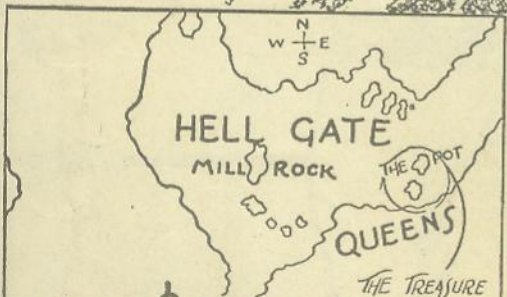


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# ANYBODY'S GUESS!

SCIENCE VERSUS GHOST  
SIR WILLIAM CROOKES WITH  
MEDICAL AND SCIENTIFIC FRIENDS  
MET FOR TWO YEARS WEEKLY  
WITH A FIGURE IN WHITE WHO  
CALLED HERSELF "KATIE KING." SHE  
APPEARED TO COME FROM A LIVING  
GIRL CALLED FLORENCE COOK.  
EXAMINATION WAS TAKEN OF THE GHOST-  
HER HEIGHT, PULSE, HEART. SHE LIVED  
AND BREATHED. SHE WAS ONE-THIRD  
THE WEIGHT OF A PERSON OF  
THE SAME SIZE. WITH THE DEATH OF  
FLORENCE, KATIE KING VANISHED.



NEED \$4,800,000?

THE BRITISH FRIGATE HUSSAR SANK  
IN HELL GATE, N.Y. IN 1780 WITH OVER  
\$4,800,000 IN GOLD. BUT ONLY A CANNON  
BELL AND BONES HAVE BEEN FOUND.



BOBBY

A LITTLE SKYE TERRIER GUARDED THE GRAVE  
OF HIS MASTER FOR 14 YEARS—LEAVING ONLY FOR  
AN HOUR OR TWO AT A TIME. ONE DAY THEY FOUND  
BOBBY DEAD ON HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

SPARKLING STARS, July, 1946, No. 15. Published monthly by Holyoke Publishing Co. Office of publication, 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial and executive offices, 1475 Broadway, Times Bldg., New York 18, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter January 16, 1946, at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price: 10 cents per copy. Subscription rates: 12 issues in the United States and its possessions, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$1.20. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright, 1946, by Holyoke Publishing Co. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. The names of all characters that are used are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental. Printed in U. S. A.



# DETECTIVE CLICK HUNT



WHO IS THE ICEMAN?—  
COLLECTOR OF MORE THAN A  
MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF  
STOLEN GEMS? AND IS  
DETECTIVE CLICK HUNT REALLY  
A PAID MEMBER OF THE  
MOB OR THE VICTIM OF A  
CRIMINAL PLOT? CLICK HUNT  
TURNS FUGITIVE FROM  
JUSTICE IN THIS FAST AND  
FURIOUS TALE OF  
DIAMONDS AND DEATH!



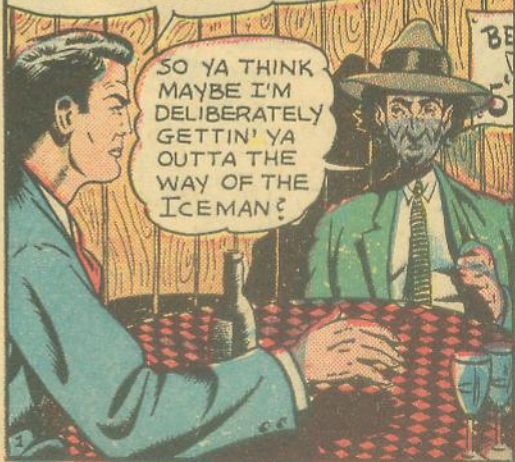
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE CITY'S SLUMS. . .



YESTERDAY, LOWE, WHILE  
CHECKING UPON YOUR  
POOL-ROOM ROBBERY TIP,  
SPIFFANY'S JEWELRY  
STORE WAS CRACKED.

SO WHAT?

THIRD TIME IT'S HAPPENED.  
WHILE I'M OUT AFTER SOME  
TWO-BIT CROOK, THE ICEMAN  
AND HIS MOB PULL A  
BIG-TIME JOB.



SO YA THINK  
MAYBE I'M  
DELIBERATELY  
GETTIN' YA  
OUTTA THE  
WAY OF THE  
ICEMAN?



IF YOU WANT TO STAY ON MY PAY-ROLL AS A STOOL PIGEON, GET ME A LINE ON THE BIG BOYS.

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT!

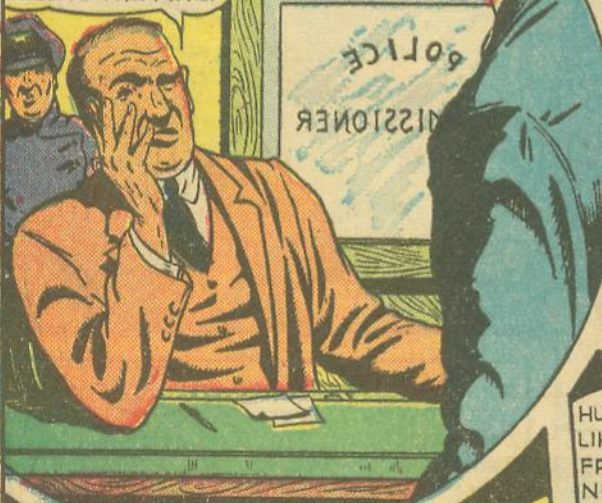


DETECTIVE HUNT RETURNS TO HEAD-QUARTERS....

DETECTIVE HUNT, THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU.



HUNT, YOU'VE BEEN SEEN A LOT WITH UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS LIKE JASPER LOWE. THE PAPERS HINT A POLICE CRIMINAL LINK. SUCH REPORTS ADD FUEL TO THE FIRE.



JASPER LOWE IS MY STOOL PIGEON, CHIEF.

YOU'VE GOT TOO GOOD A RECORD FOR ME TO SUSPECT YOU, HUNT.... BUT THE PAPERS ARE AFTER US, SO TAKE IT EASY UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF.



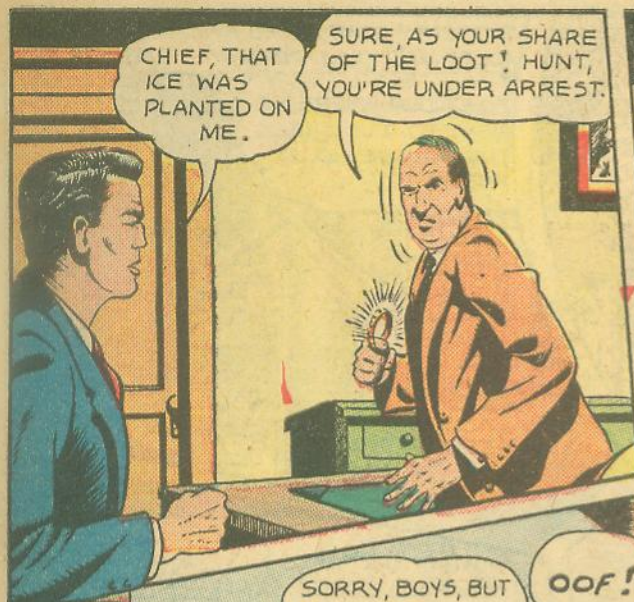
HUNT, THIS BRACELET IS LIKE THE ONE STOLEN FROM SPIFFANY'S LAST NIGHT!

WHAT??

HEAT? PARDON ME WHILE I MOP MY BROW. HEY, WHAT'S THAT?







CHIEF, THAT  
ICE WAS  
PLANTED ON  
ME.

SURE, AS YOUR SHARE  
OF THE LOOT! HUNT,  
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.



I CAN'T  
CLEAR MYSELF  
COOPED UP  
IN A CELL--  
SEE YOU  
LATER, CHIEF!

STOP HIM!  
STOP  
HIM!



HEY!

SORRY, BOYS, BUT  
IT CAN'T BE  
HELPED!

OOF!



THEY MAY AS  
WELL ADD CAR-  
STEALING TO THE  
CHARGES!

STOP, HUNT,  
OR I'LL  
SHOOT!



AIMING THOSE  
BULLETS A LITTLE  
HIGH, AREN'T YOU?

I JUST CAN'T  
HIT A GOOD  
GUY LIKE  
HUNT.

NIGHT FALLS...

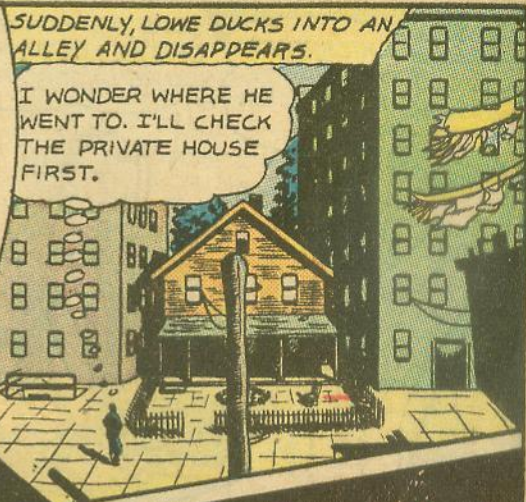


WHAT A MESS... BUT  
IT'S GIVEN ME THE  
LEAD I'VE BEEN AFTER  
FOR WEEKS. I'M GOING  
TO FIND THE ICEMAN!





THAT RAT, JASPER LOWE, WILL LEAD ME TO THE ICEMAN.



SUDDENLY, LOWE DUCKS INTO AN ALLEY AND DISAPPEARS.

I WONDER WHERE HE WENT TO. I'LL CHECK THE PRIVATE HOUSE FIRST.



IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ANSWERED THE BELL!

THE P-POLICE?



WHAT ARE YOU SO SCARED ABOUT? SAY-- WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?

EMILY! EMILY! GOOD HEAVENS SHE'S DEAD!



MY HEART--BROWN, HELP ME TO BED, THEN PHONE THE DOCTOR.

YES, SIR!



ALL RIGHT, NOW, DISH OUT THE DETAILS.

NOT MUCH TO EXPLAIN, SIR. I WAS IN THE KITCHEN AND HEARD A CRASH. I CAME IN TO FIND MRS. DORTON ON THE FLOOR. SHE HAD FALLEN DOWN THE STAIRS.





AND WHERE WAS MR. DORTON AT THE TIME?

HE WAS IN THE KITCHEN WITH ME, SIR!



WHO ELSE LIVES HERE?

NO ONE, SIR - JUST MR. AND MRS. DORTON AND MYSELF. I'M THE CARETAKER, GEORGE BROWN.



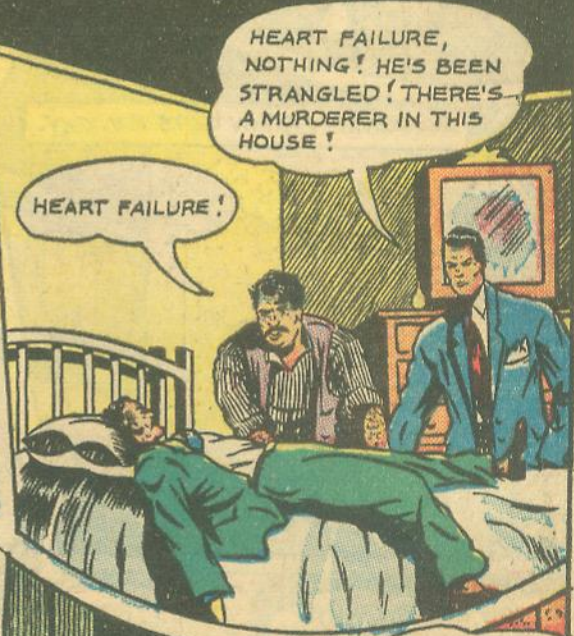
SUDDENLY ---

WHAT THE ---?

AAARRGH---

MR. DORTON!

HEART FAILURE!



HEART FAILURE, NOTHING! HE'S BEEN STRANGLED! THERE'S A MURDERER IN THIS HOUSE!



BUT I'VE SHOWN YOU EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HEART FAILURE.

YOU HAVEN'T SHOWN ME THE CELLAR.



YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR TO ME, BROWN. DIDN'T I SEND YOU TO SING-SING?

M-M-ME, SIR! OH, NO, SIR!







I WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT!  
THIS JOB LOOKED LEGIT WHEN  
I TOOK IT, BUT IT TURNS OUT TO  
BE THE ICEMAN'S HEADQUART-  
ERS--AND I'LL BE ARRESTED  
FOR MURDER!

AW, SHADDUP!  
THAT DUMB DICK'S  
GONNA CROAK IN  
THERE. HE AIN'T  
GONNA ARREST  
NOBODY!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO  
MAKE A MURDERER OF  
ME! I'M GOING TO  
FREE HUNT!

YOUR KILLING  
DAYS ARE  
OVER, LOWE!

WHY, YOU--- I'LL  
KILL YA FOR  
THIS!

WHOEVER NAMED  
YOU LOWE KNEW WHAT  
HE WAS TALKING  
ABOUT!

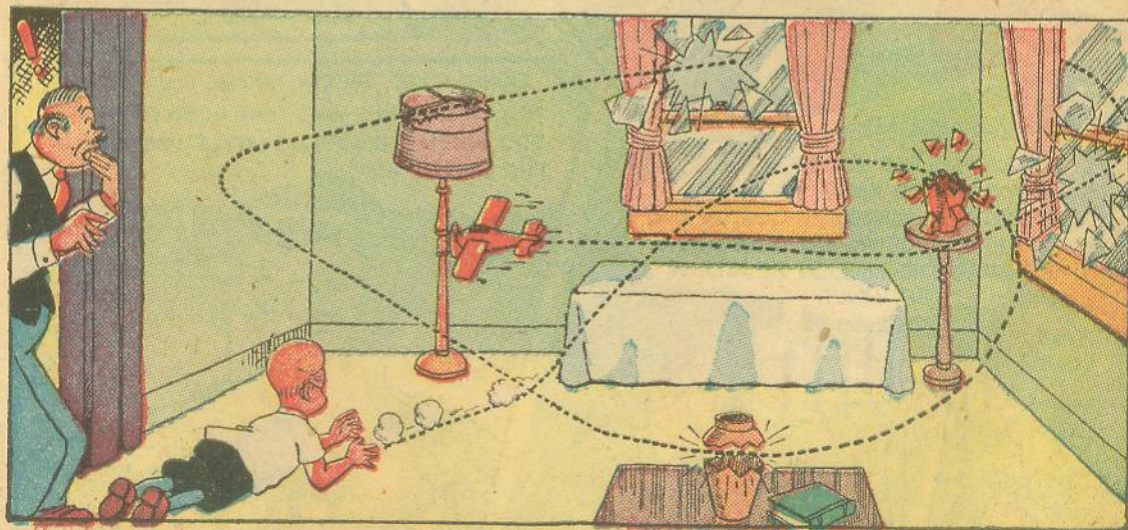
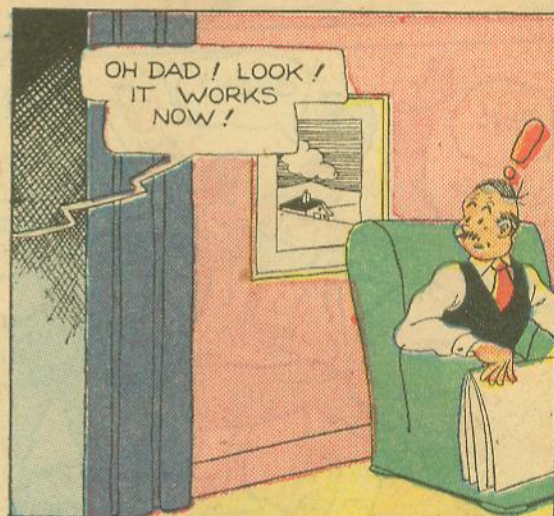
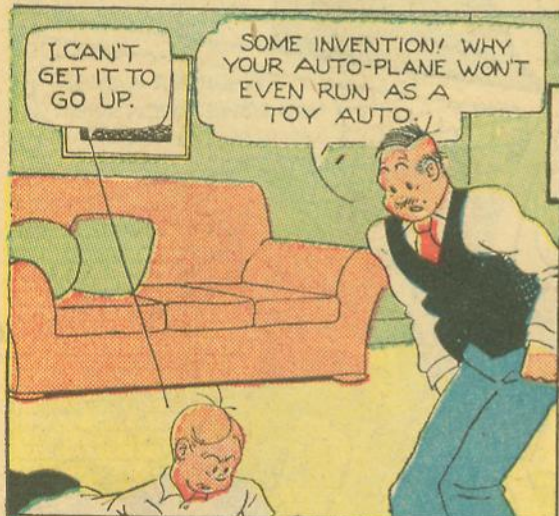
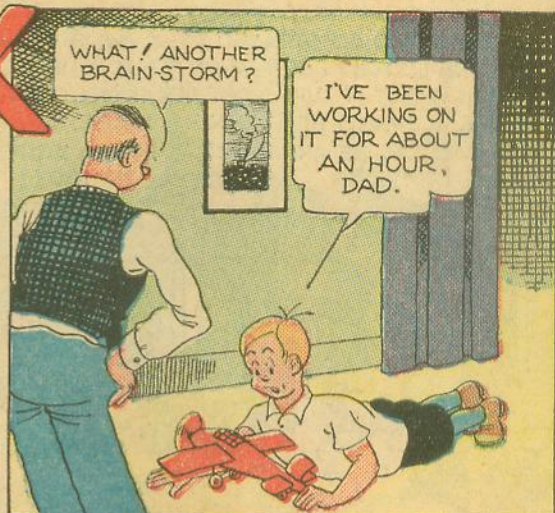
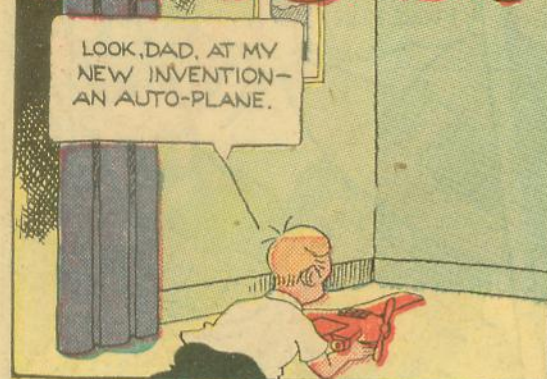
DON'T WORRY, BROWN. YOU'RE CLEARED OF ANY SUSPICION---AND THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO, WHEN I DUMP THIS LITTLE PRESENT IN THE CHIEF'S LAP.

DORTON WAS THE ICEMAN---  
MY JOB WAS TO KEEP YOU AWAY.  
TONIGHT I KNOCKED OFF DORTON AND  
HIS WIFE, FIGURING I'D TAKE OVER  
AND GRAB THE MILLION HE HID IN  
THE VAULT.

TALK,  
LOWE!



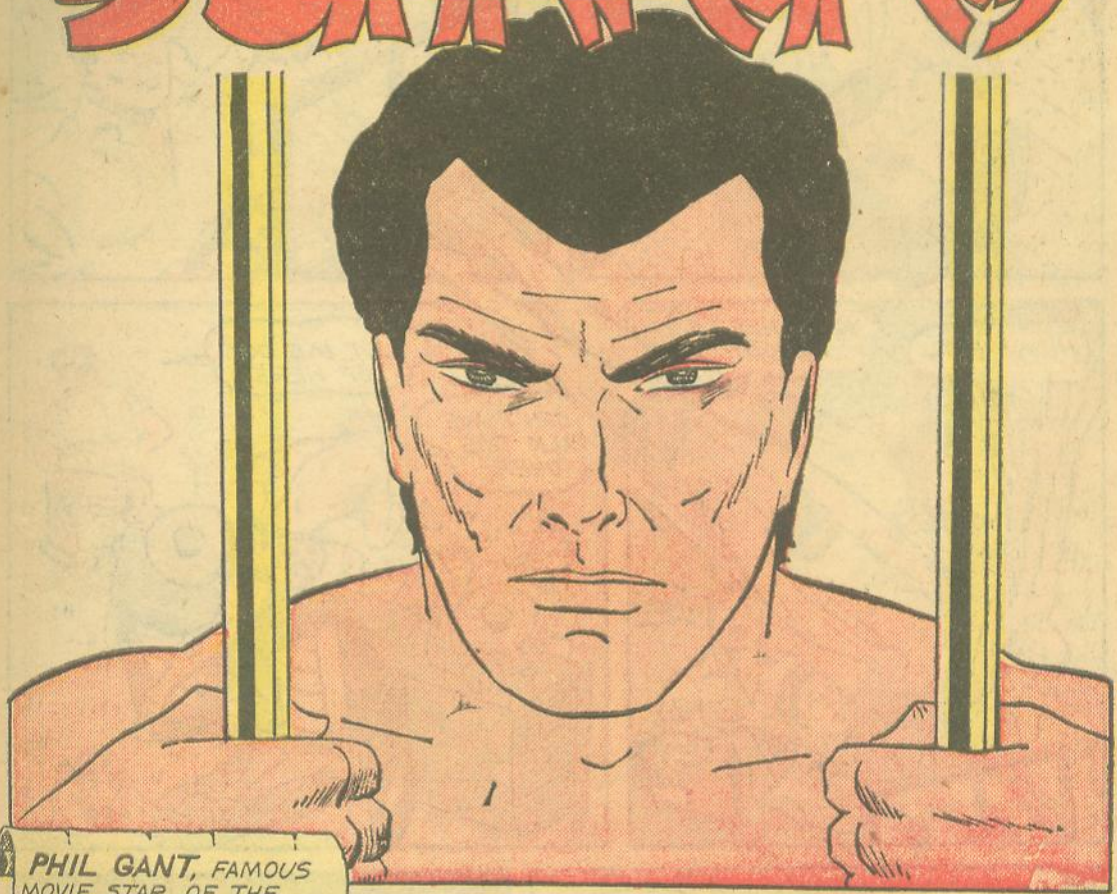
# CHUCK





# JUNGO

THE MAN BEAST



**PHIL GANT**, FAMOUS MOVIE STAR OF THE "JUNGO" PICTURES GOES TO AFRICA TO PROVE THAT HE CAN ACTUALLY SURVIVE THE DANGERS OF JUNGLE LIFE. THERE A BLOW ON THE HEAD CAUSES HIM TO LOSE HIS MEMORY—HE FORGETS HIS FORMER LIFE AND BECOMES IN REALITY JUNGO, THE MAN-BEAST! BUT THE MARVEL MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS SPARES NO EXPENSE IN ITS ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIM; AND IN THIS FAST AND FURIOUS STORY, JUNGO IS FINALLY CAPTURED AND BROUGHT BACK ALIVE!!

THE PAINSTAKING SEARCH IN AFRICA AT LAST YIELDS RESULTS.

MR. BHIGG! THE PILOT HAS SPOTTED HIM!

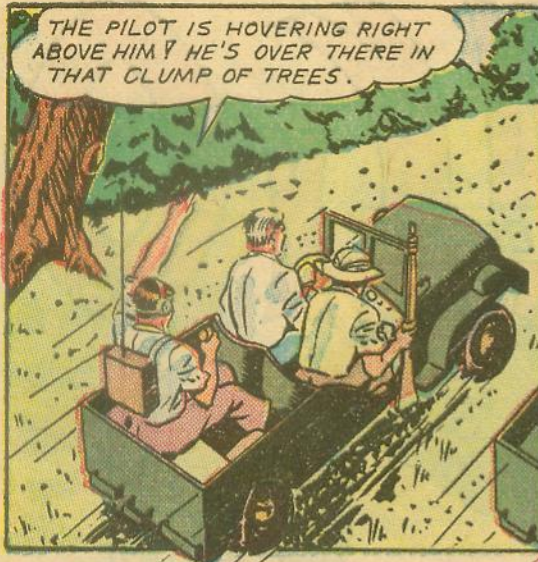
QUICK—AFTER HIM IN THE JEEPS! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY FROM US THIS TIME!

TELL THEM TO BE CAREFUL! DON'T HURT HIM!

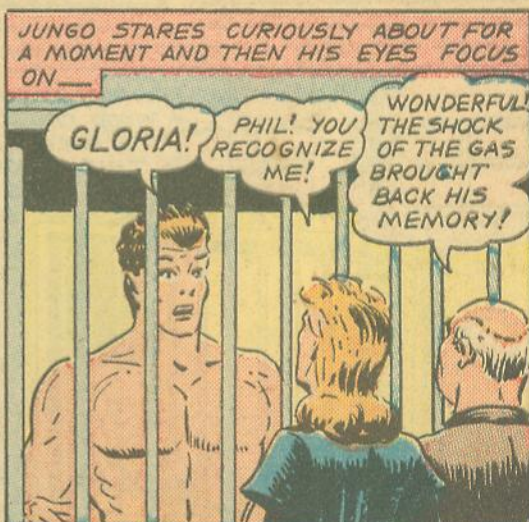
WHY ALL THIS FUSS OVER PHIL GANT? I OUGHT TO HAVE HIS JUNGO ROLE!











BUT THE SUDDEN LIGHT OF REMEMBRANCE FLICKERS FOR JUST AN INSTANT AND THEN FADES BACK INTO THE DARKNESS OF AMNESIA...



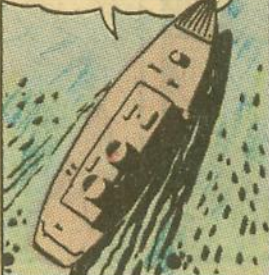


BUT EVEN THE MIGHTY STRENGTH OF JUNGU IS NO MATCH FOR STEEL BARS.



THE MAN-BEAST IS HOISTED ABOARD MR. BHIGG'S YACHT. DAYS PASS, AND THEN—

AT LAST WE'RE NEARING NEW YORK! TELL ALL OF 'EM TO GET THEIR THINGS READY.



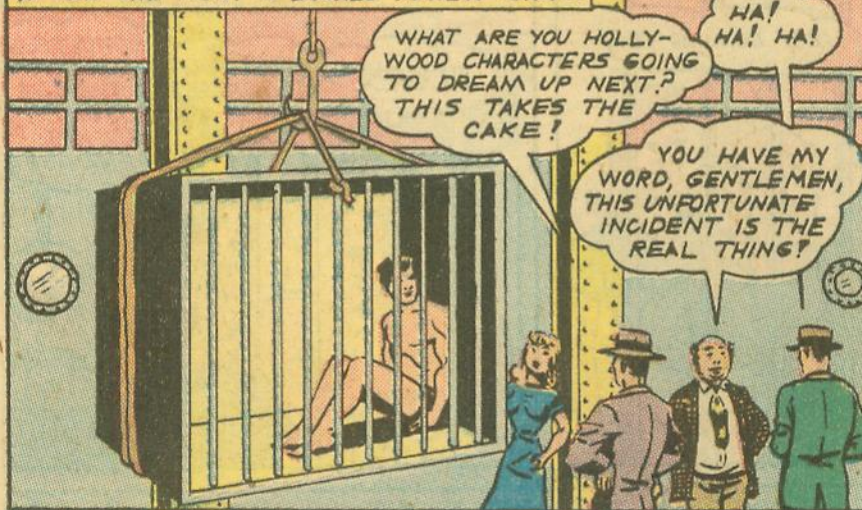
THERE'S THE YACHT FROM AFRICA.

I WONDER IF THIS PHIL GANT STORY IS ON THE LEVEL?

HAH... THE WHOLE THING WAS COOKED UP FOR A PUBLICITY STUNT!



AFTER THE YACHT IS DOCKED IN NEW YORK...



WHAT ARE YOU HOLLYWOOD CHARACTERS GOING TO DREAM UP NEXT? THIS TAKES THE CAKE!

HA! HA! HA!

YOU HAVE MY WORD, GENTLEMEN, THIS UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT IS THE REAL THING!

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF PHIL GANT FOR GOOD!



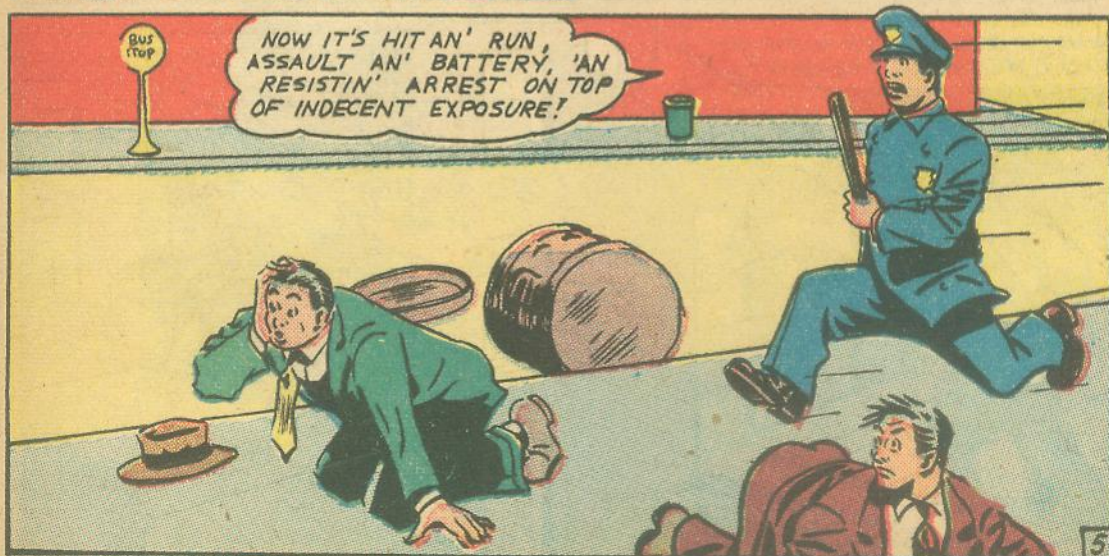
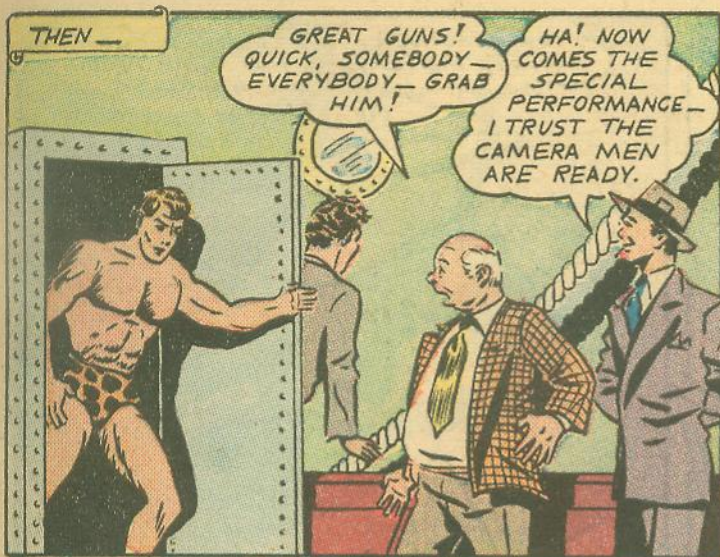
I'LL OPEN THE CAGE AND LET HIM LOOSE— HE'LL PROBABLY GO BERSERK AND GET HIMSELF KILLED!



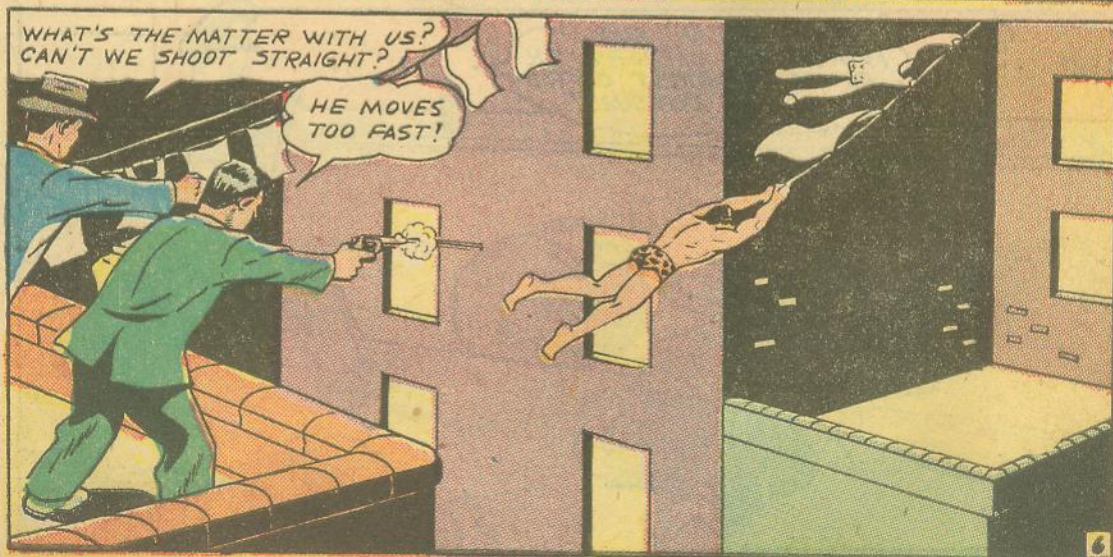
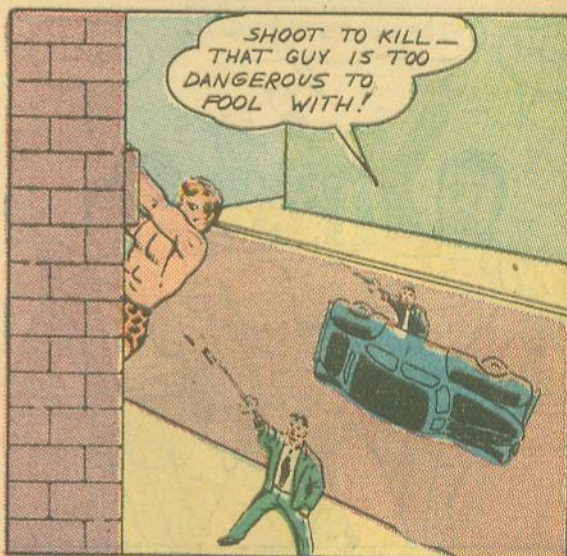
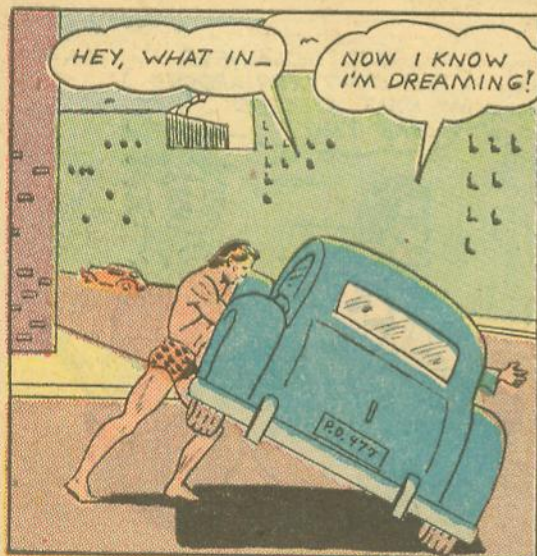
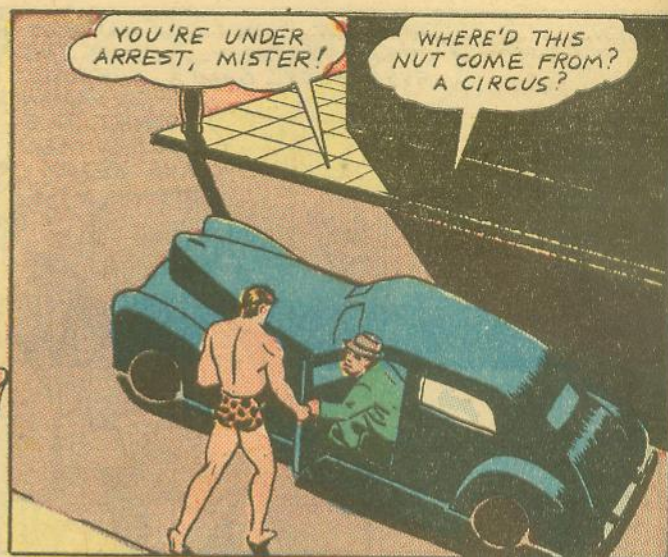
THIS WILL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE— I'LL NOT ONLY GET THE JUNGU ROLES TO PLAY, BUT GLORIA DEAN TO BOOT!



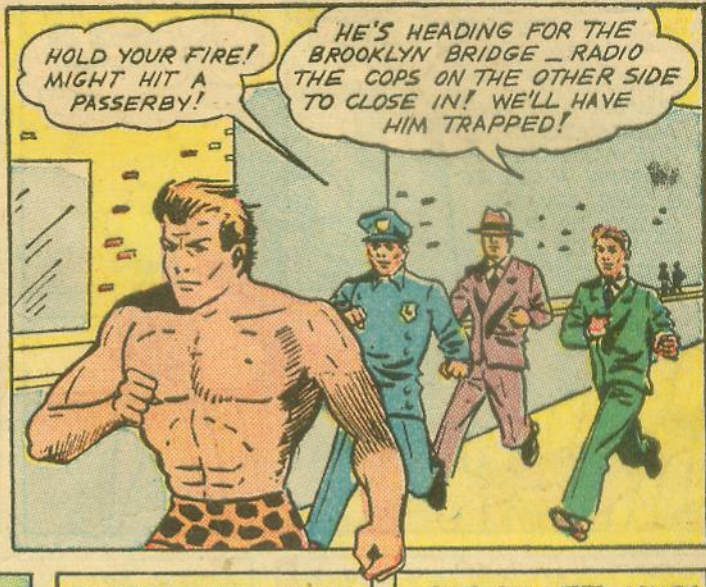
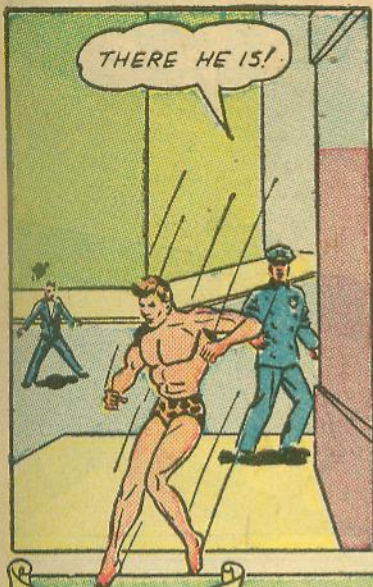




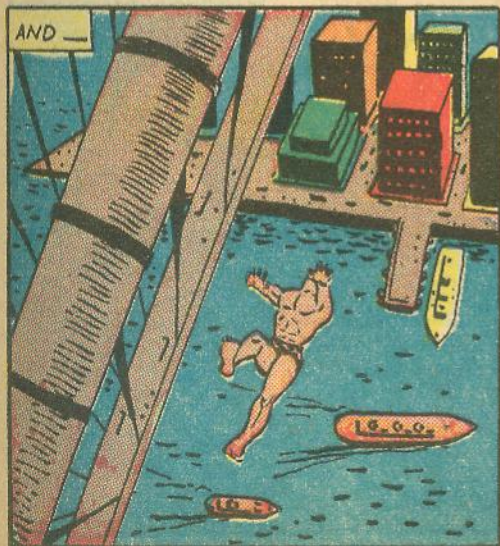




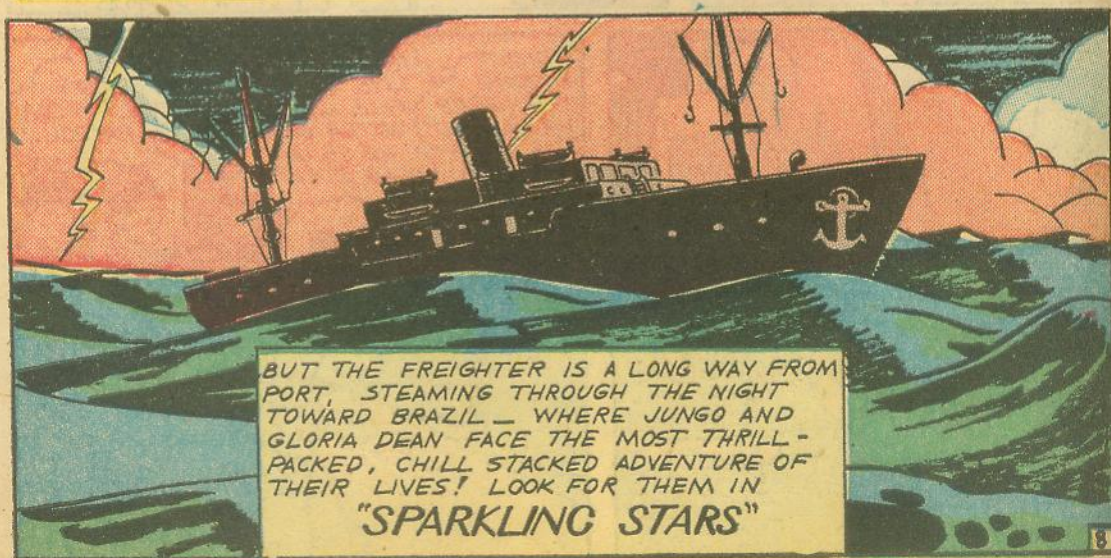
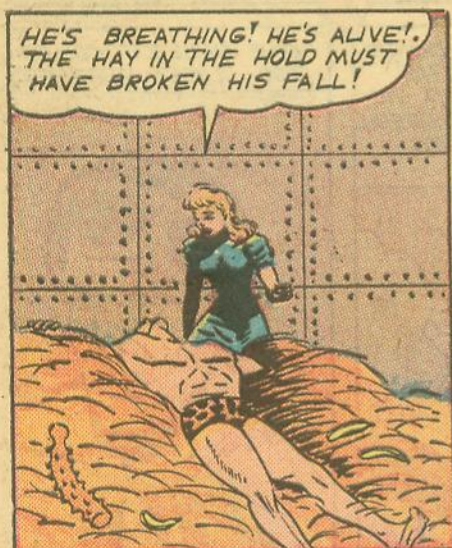
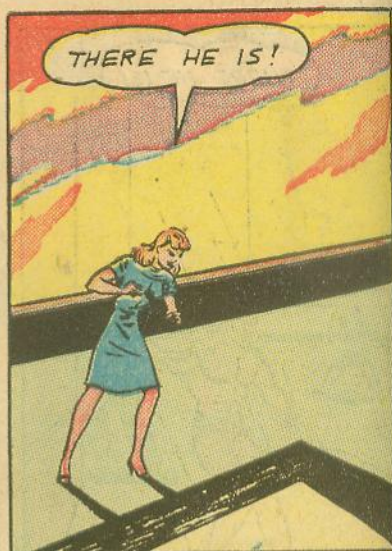




BULLETS WHIZZ DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE FLEEING AMNESIA VICTIM WHOSE ONLY DESIRE IS TO ESCAPE, WHEN, SUDDENLY —

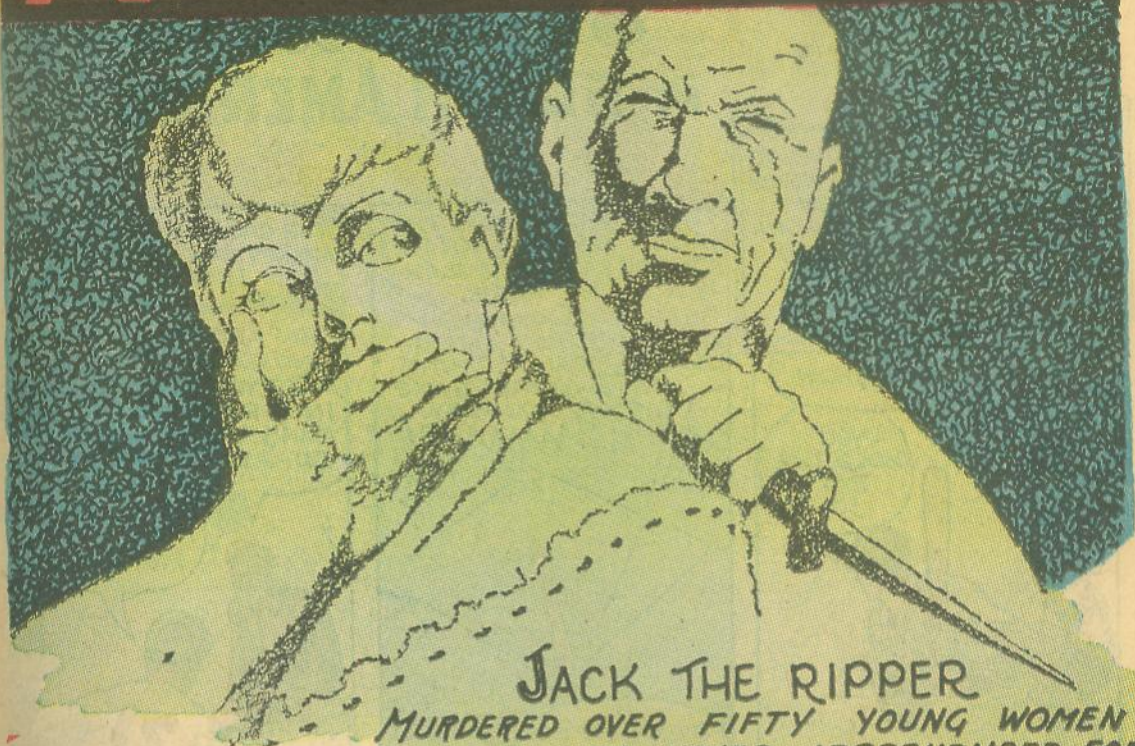








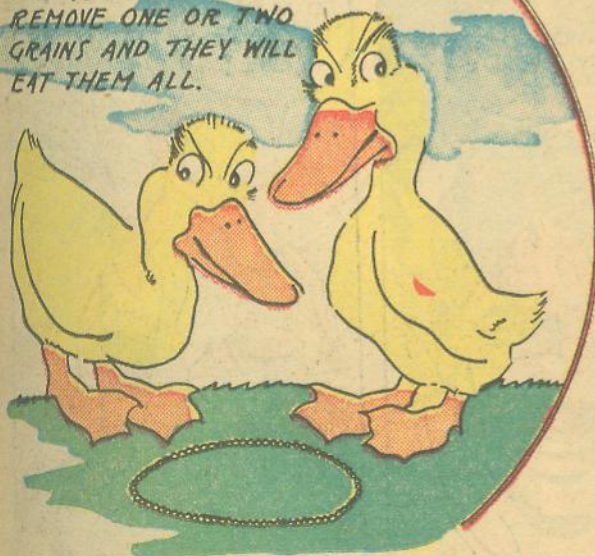
# ANYBODY'S GUESS!



**JACK THE RIPPER**  
MURDERED OVER FIFTY YOUNG WOMEN  
BUT HE WAS NEVER APPREHENDED FOR  
HIS CRIMES. WHAT BECAME OF HIM?

WHY WILL  
NOT DUCKS EAT CORN  
PLACED IN A CIRCLE?

REMOVE ONE OR TWO  
GRAINS AND THEY WILL  
EAT THEM ALL.



**BIRDS MIGRATE AND COME  
HOME CORRECTLY.**

DO THEY DO IT BY SOME SPECIAL  
SENSE OF DIRECTION? SCIENTISTS DO NOT  
KNOW FOR SURE.

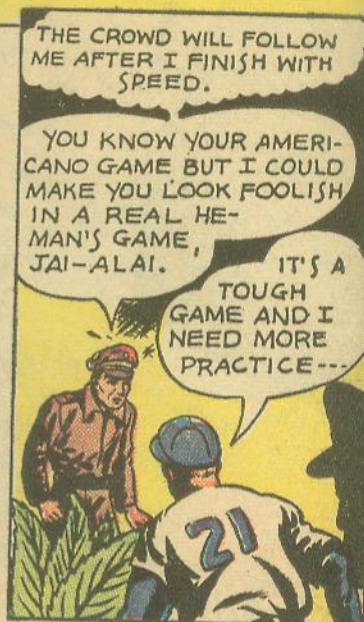


# SPEED SPAULDING

## Star Athlete

### in SOUTH AMERICA

WHEN SPEED SPAULDING, ACE OF DIXIE MILITARY ACADEMY, WAS BORROWED BY ARGENTINA MILITARY ACADEMY TO TEACH AMERICAN SPORTS, IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF HIS TROUBLES AND TRIUMPHS.



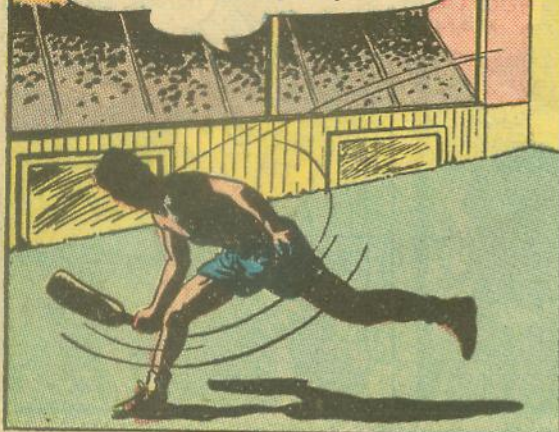






WITH SPEED OUT OF THE WAY, GOMEZ ENJOYS THE LIMELIGHT.

VIVA GOMEZ! HE'S A GREAT PLAYER!



FINE GAME, GOMEZ! WHAT A FOREHAND...

YOU'RE A SECOND-RATER.

EH? ... WHO ARE YOU?



I'M YOUR OLD FRIEND, SPEED SPAULDING. I CHALLENGE YOU TO A 3-SET MATCH OF JAI-ALAI TOMORROW!



SO YOU CAME BACK FROM YOUR HIDING PLACE! WHERE - ?

SAVE YOUR ODOROUS BREATH FOR THE GAME. I'LL SEE YOU THEN.



GAME STARTS!

WHAT NERVE! SPEED CHALLENGING OUR IDOL! WHERE WAS HE ALL THIS TIME!



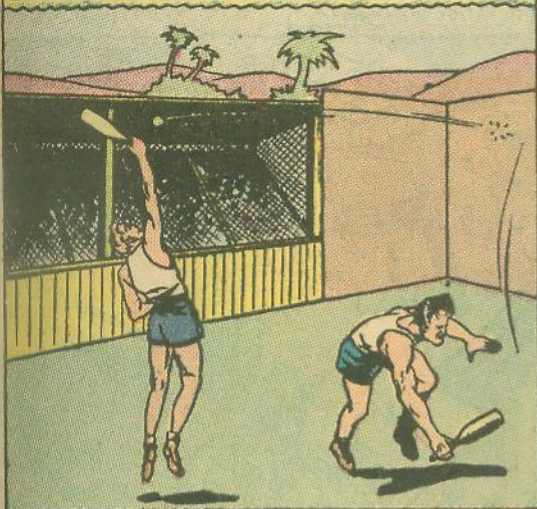
TEN MINUTES OF PLAY.

MY BEST SHOT AND HE HIT IT! HE'S LEADING, 6-3!

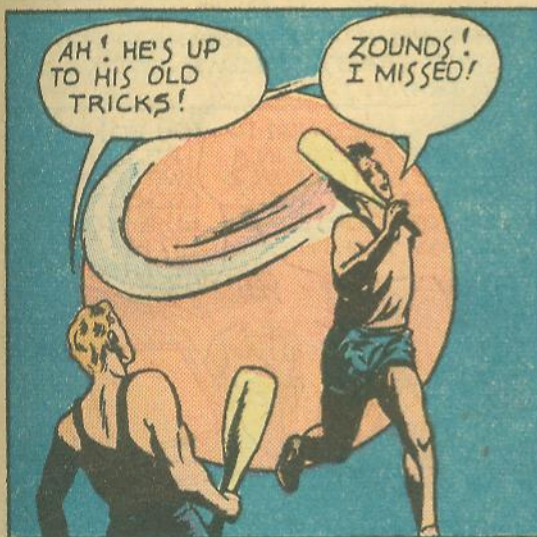
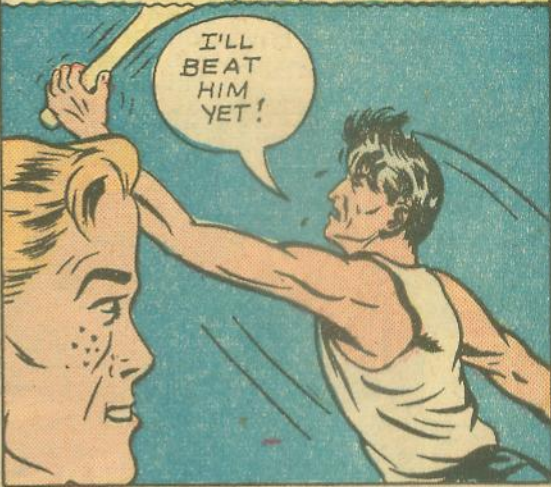




**SPEED LEADS GOMEZ, 6-3, 3-1...**



**GOMEZ RALLIES AND EVENS THE SCORE, ONE GAME EACH, 6-3, 3-6!**





**GOMEZ LAYS SINISTER PLANS...**

SI, GARCIA! I NEED YOU TONIGHT... BRING YOUR CESTA, TOO!

HO! THAT GARCIA WILL CINCHE THE GAME FOR ME...



**LATER, GOMEZ VISITS THE LOCAL "UNDERWORLD".**

HE NEVER MISSES WITH HIS BLOWPIPE....



**MINUTES LATER INSIDE THE HOUSE, GOMEZ IS TALKING TO A WIZENED MAN.**

YOUR JOB IS TO SHOOT THESE MORPHINE DARTS AT PLAYER NO. 13.

SI, SENOR, FOR THE MONEY YOU PROMISE, I WON'T MISS.



**THAT NIGHT AT THE RAILROAD STATION, GOMEZ GREET'S SOMEONE GETTING OFF THE TRAIN.**

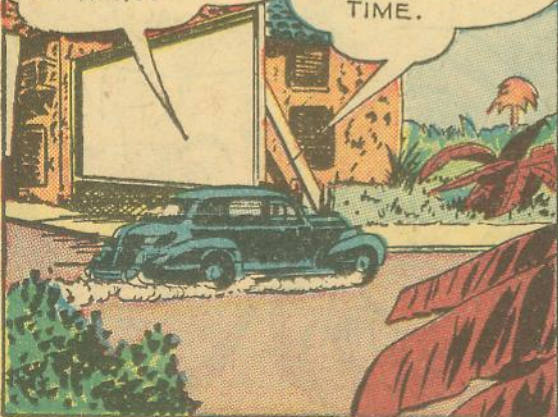
GARCIA, I NEED YOU TO SUBSTITUTE FOR ME IN A JAI-ALAI MATCH FOR 2 SETS. THEN I TAKE OVER. OF COURSE I'LL PAY YOU....

OH, HO! SO YOU'RE IN HOT WATER AGAIN! LUCKY I LOOK LIKE YOUR TWIN BROTHER.



AFTER I TIRE HIM OUT, YOU FINISH THE GAME--EVEN SHOOT MORPHINE DARTS AT HIM....

QUIT! NOW I'LL HIDE YOU IN A ROOM NEXT TO SPEED'S QUARTERS UNTIL GAME TIME.



I HOPE MY FATHER WON'T MISS THE MORPHINE AND THESE MALARIA-INFESTED MOSQUITOES I'M TAKING FROM HIS LABORATORY.





**THE NIGHT BEFORE THE GAME....**

AH! THIS MUST BE SPEED'S ROOM.... THESE MALARIA MOSQUITOES WILL HAVE A GOOD FEAST TONIGHT!

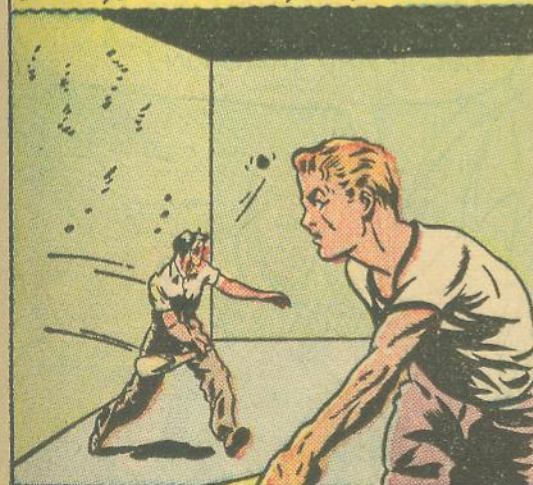


**IN THE LOCKER ROOM JUST BEFORE THE GAME....**

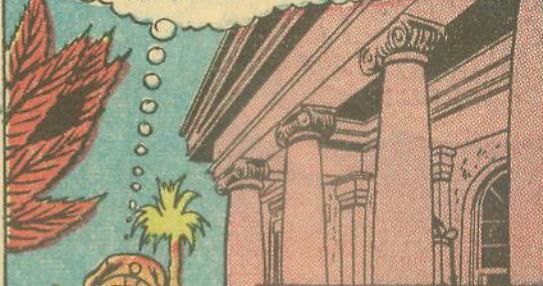
WHERE'S MY JACKET? SOME ONE MUST HAVE LIKED ITS NUMBER 13...  
HMMM.....



**LATER, SPEED LEADS, 6-5, 6-4.**



WITH GARCIA DOUBLING FOR ME, AND SPEED GETTING MORPHINE INJECTIONS AND A TOUCH OF MALARIA, HOW CAN I LOSE?  
HO! HO!



**ON THE JAI-ALAI COURT....**

THAT AMERICAN LOOKS CAPABLE.

GOMEZ HAS MY NO. 13 JACKET AND HE'S ACTING SO STRANGELY.  
HMM.....



**AS THE GAME GOES INTO THE 4TH SET....**

SACRE! HOW COULD SPEED BEAT GARCIA, THE CHILEAN CHAMP WITH SUCH A SCORE?



|       |   |   |   |
|-------|---|---|---|
| SPEED | 6 | 6 | 6 |
| GOMEZ | 5 | 4 | 1 |



**THE LAST SET OF JAI-ALAI IS ON!**

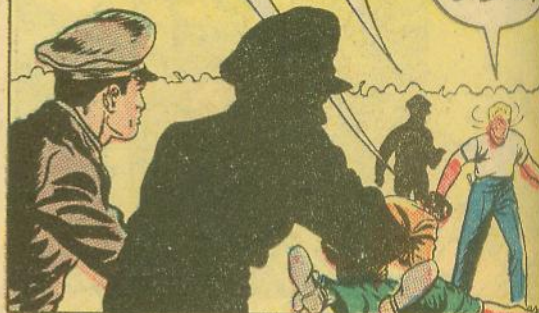
I'LL SMASH THE BALL AND-  
**OW!** THE MOR-  
PHINE DARTS  
THAT FOOL HIT  
ME INSTEAD  
OF SPEED!



GOMEZ WAS  
STRUCK BY MOR-  
PHINE DARTS---  
PROBABLY FROM  
A BLOWPIPE.

HEY, AMICOS, LOOK!  
SPEED SPAULDING  
HAS A BLOW-  
PIPE IN  
HIS  
POCKET!

UH!...  
HOW  
DID...?



ARREST AGAIN THAT  
AMERICANO! I KNEW  
HE WAS AFTER MY  
BLOOD!



YOU SNIVELING WORM, GOMEZ!  
INFECTING ME WITH MALARIA,  
THEN REFUSING TO PAY ME  
FOR DOUBLING FOR  
YOU-- AND HIRING  
THAT INFAMOUS  
BLOW-  
PIPE  
EXPERT.

A DREADFUL  
MISTAKE! I  
LET THE  
MOSQUITOES  
FLY INTO  
YOUR ROOM  
INSTEAD OF  
SPEED'S!

HEY,  
FELLOWS,  
HEAR  
THAT!

SOME OF  
YOU TAKE  
CARE OF THESE  
TWO WHILE WE  
RESCUE SPEED  
SPAULDING!...



VIVA AMERICANO! SMASH  
THESE FRIENDS OF THAT  
TRICKY GOMEZ!

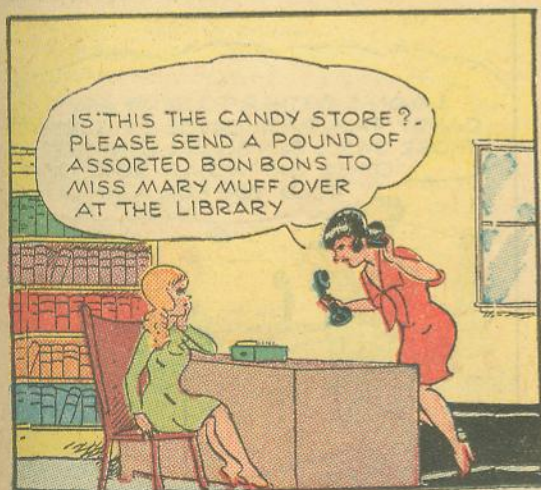
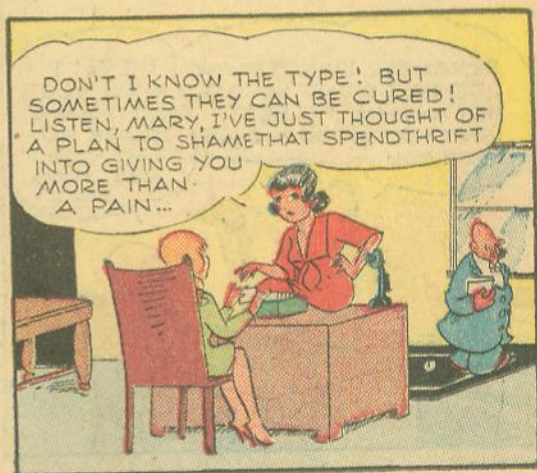


SPEED PLAYS FAIR! VIVA SPEED  
SPAULDING, OUR NEIGHBOR, A  
FRIEND AND CHAMPION!

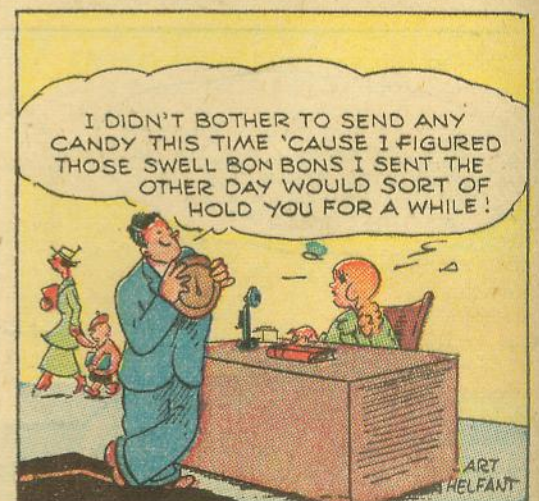
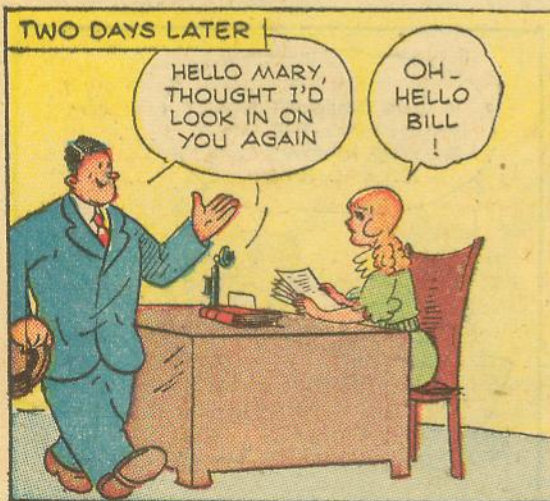
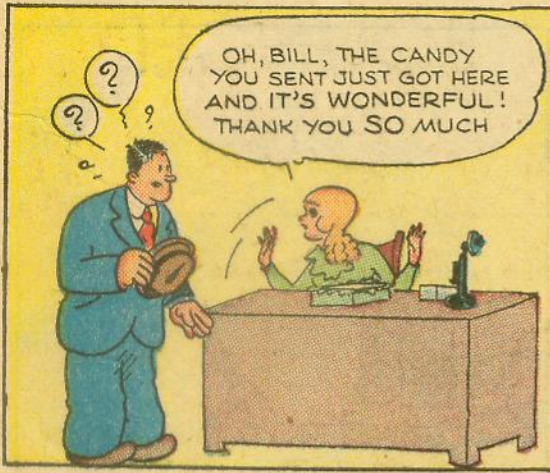




# MARCELLE AND HER MEN









# SQUINTY GETS BOUNCED AND NO NEW CAR

Squinty Squire was truly fascinated. His heart was pounding so violently that he was sure his spectacles and his little hat must have bounced askew, and he straightened them nervously.

Squinty had never seen anything quite so beautiful.

He was standing in front of a big, wide show window, and on the other side of the show window was the most beautiful shiny yellow new automobile he had ever seen.

"Well-l-l! How do you do, sir!"

The booming words brought Squinty out of his reverie with a start.

"Er, uh, how do you do," he replied feebly, and he looked around to see to whom he was speaking.

A salesman had espied Squinty gaping at the shiny new automobile, and he had come out of the showroom at once, and he was now pumping Squinty's hand up and down vigorously.

"Beautiful little job, isn't it!" the salesman roared, putting a big arm around Squinty's small shoulders and beaming at the new car.

"Why, yes, it is lovely—" Squinty began.

"Come in, come in!" the salesman boomed, and he locked a grip of steel on Squinty's arm, and, before Squinty knew it, he had been escorted into the showroom.

"Which were you interested in, a sedan or a roadster?" the salesman said, taking out his order book and licking the end of a pencil stub and looking hard at Squinty.

"Well, I—" Squinty began.

"The sedan, eh? Fine. Fine." The salesman was writing rapidly in his order book.

It was, then that the salesman noted the little frown that had made a sort of little furrow in Squinty's brow.

"What's the matter, the price worrying you?" the salesman said. He made a motion with his head for Squinty to follow him and went over to a chart on the wall. "C'm'ere. I'll show you something." He looked back at Squinty. "See that figure opposite where it says 'sedan'? \$300. That's all a sedan'll cost you."

Squinty said: "Well, that's fine, but you see I—"

"You want to look it over first, is that it?" The salesman clapped Squinty heartily on the back. "Of course."

Placing the steel clamp of his iron grip on Squinty's arm again, the salesman conducted

Squinty to the new yellow sedan on display.

"There," he said. "Slip in there behind that wheel."

And almost before Squinty knew it, he was behind the wheel.

"There. How does it feel?"

"Well, it feels fine," Squinty began, "but—"

"How much for the steering wheel, is that what you were wondering? Only \$100 extra."

"Only \$100 extra for the steering wheel. Uh, huh. Well, that is not bad at all, is it? But you see I—"

"In the first place, it wouldn't be safe driving without a steering wheel. You know, you'd bump into things."

"O yes, I know—"

JABBED HIS BIG HAND

The salesman had jabbed his big hand into the car across in front of Squinty and he was pushing the gear shift this way and that.

"This is the gear shift," he said.

"Yes, I recognized it," Squinty said. "But before we go any further, I think you ought to—"

"Only \$200 extra for the gear shift," the salesman said. "Reduced from \$250 extra. So you save \$50 right there."

"Oh, that's fine," Squinty said. "Because \$50 would come in very handy right about now—"

"And you'd want front and back seats, you know, to sit on. They're only \$150 extra."

"Seats. Yes, of course I'd want seats—"

"You know, it wouldn't be comfortable driving without seats."

The salesman was beckoning to Squinty with one hand and leaning down and peering under the car.

"C'm'ere. Climb out and look under here, if you want to see something really beautiful."

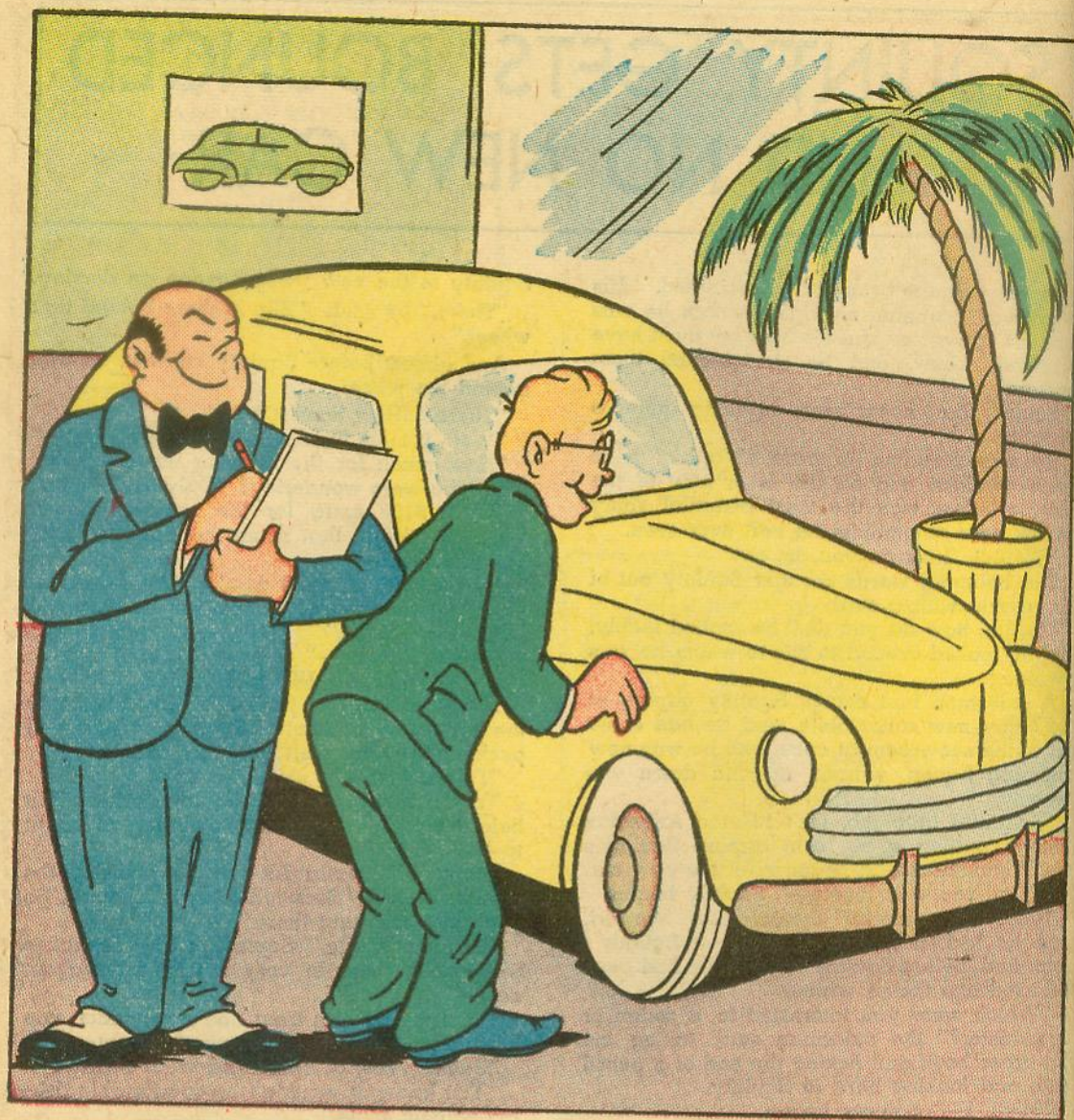
"Did you ever see anything as beautiful as that?" the salesman went on before Squinty could completely extricate himself from behind the steering wheel and still hold his little hat on top of his head.

"Uh, which did you mean—" Squinty said, crouching down at last on the floor beside the salesman and peering under the car.

"Those wheels," the salesman said. "See those four round things? They're what we call the 'wheels.' Aren't they the prettiest little jobs you ever saw?"

"Oh, the wheels. Yes, they are fine, aren't they," Squinty said agreeably. "So round, aren't they," he added.





The salesman was transfixed Squinty with a very confidential look.

"Would you believe me." The salesman began in a very low, confidential tone, "if I told you that those wheels came with the car—for only \$99.99 extra?"

"Only \$99.99 extra for the wheels?" Squinty exclaimed. "But how can you let them go so cheap—"

"\$99.99 each, that is, of course," the salesman said.

"Oh, each. Uh, huh."

The salesman was still transfixed Squinty with that look.

And it was in that same confidential tone that he said: "Well, how do you like it, friend."

Squinty adjusted his spectacles in some embarrassment.

"It?" he asked timidly.

"The car, the car," the salesman said with some impatience.

"Oh, the car!" Squinty said quickly. "Oh, I like it fine!" Squinty took a big, deep swallow. "The only trouble is, I haven't got any money," he blurted. "That was what I was trying to tell you all along."

First Squinty Squirrel picked himself up, then he picked up his spectacles and adjusted them carefully on his nose, and then he placed his little round hat carefully on the top of his head. This was approximately two minutes later, for it had taken the salesman about a minute to escort Squinty to the door, and about another minute to toss him out onto the pavement.

"My!" Squinty said to nobody in particular. "What an irritable fellow! He couldn't expect me to buy his car when I didn't have any money, could he?"

THE END



# ALI-BABA

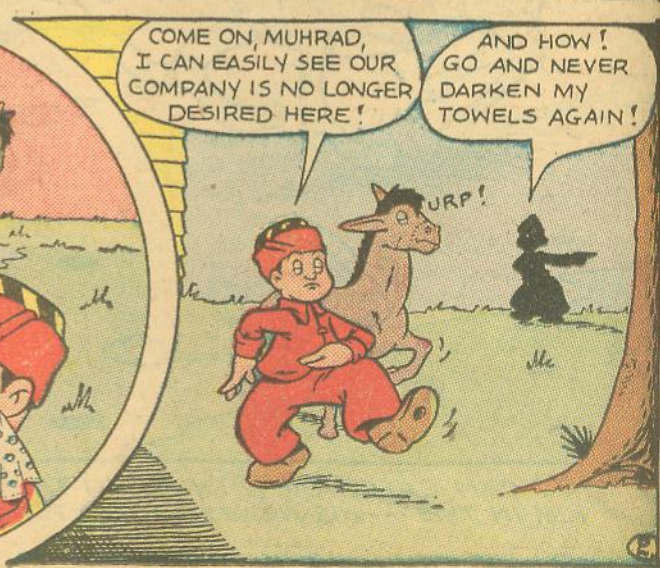
I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE  
THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE  
TO WIN IN THIS RACE WITH US.  
BUT IF WE SHOULD LOSE,  
OUR HEADS HE WOULD CHOOSE!  
OF THAT, I AM QUITE NERVOUS!

FOR RACING WITH ME  
YOU'LL EASILY SEE  
THE SUCKER YOU'VE BEEN  
AS YOUR HEADS I  
BASH IN!



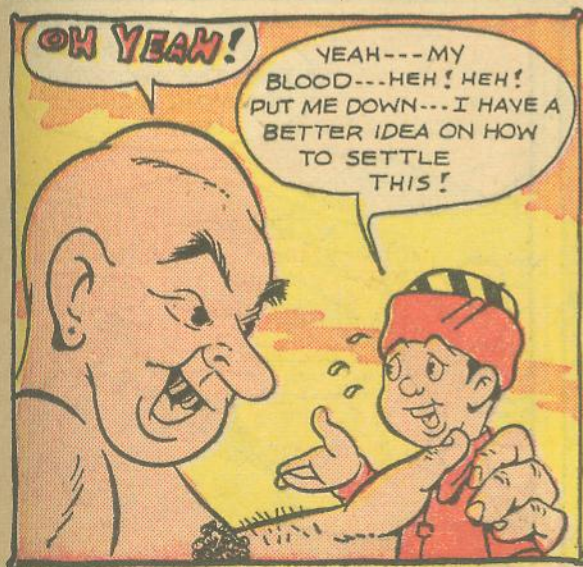
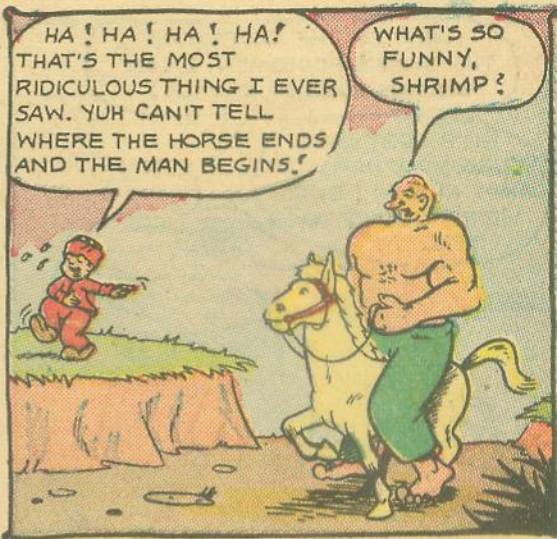
YOU CAN CATCH UP WITH ALI ON THE NEXT PAGE AND FOLLOW  
HIM IN THIS---HIS NEWEST ADVENTURE.....



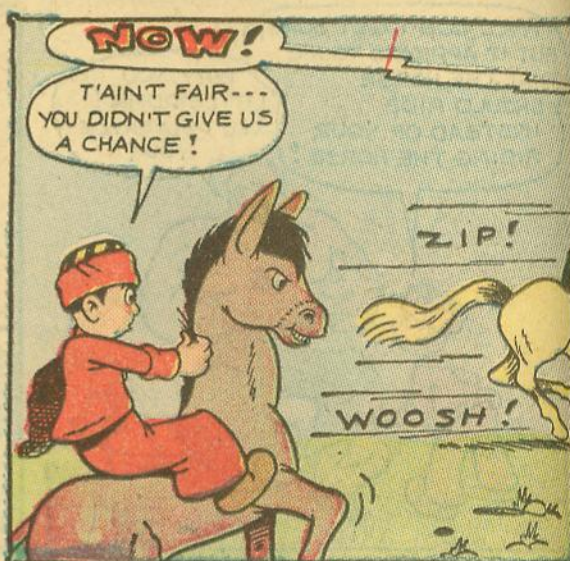
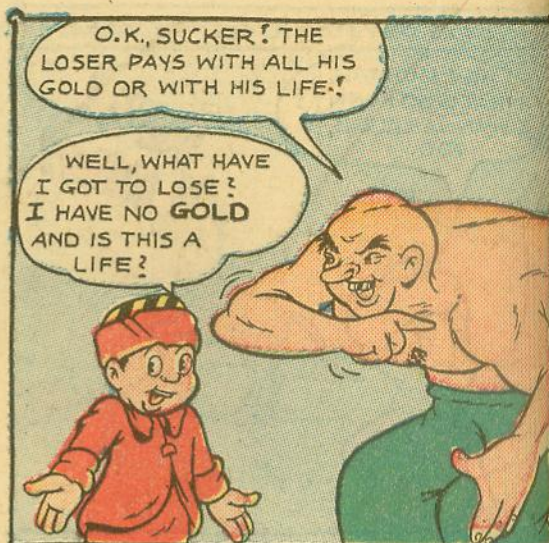
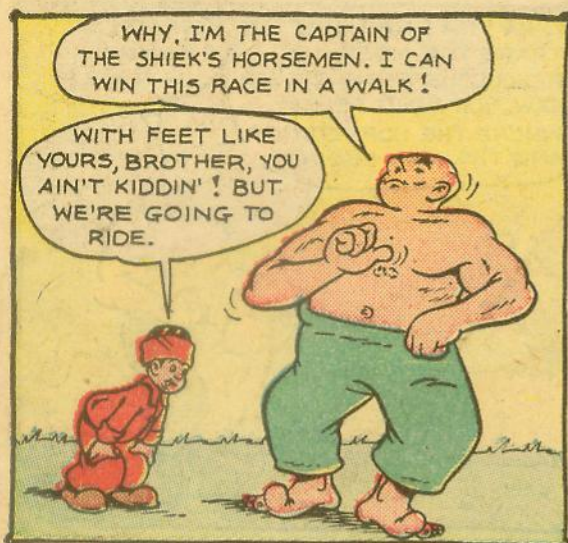




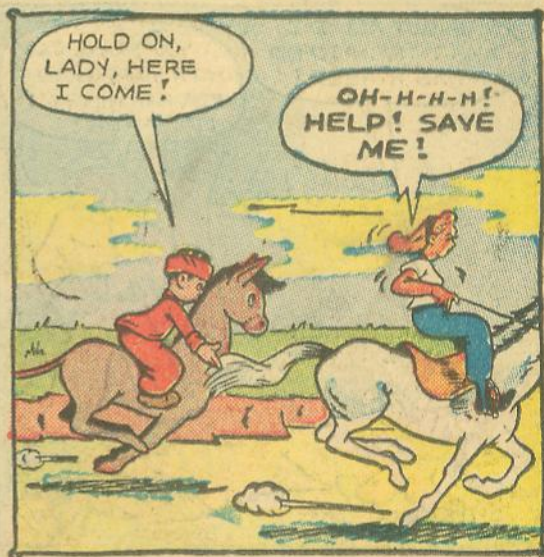
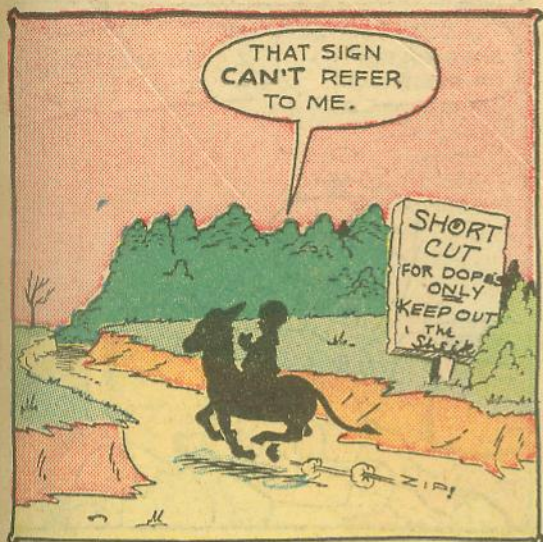
LATER, AS THEY STOP TO REST... SUDDENLY...



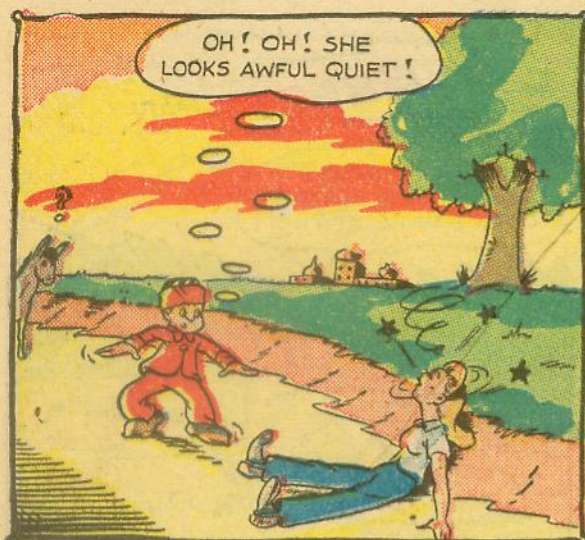




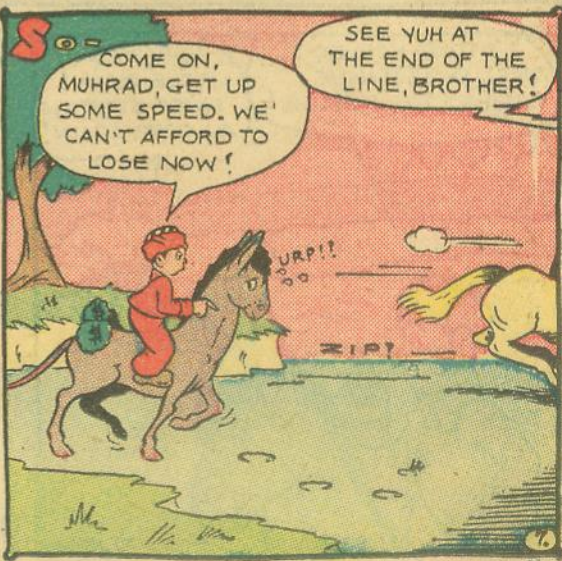
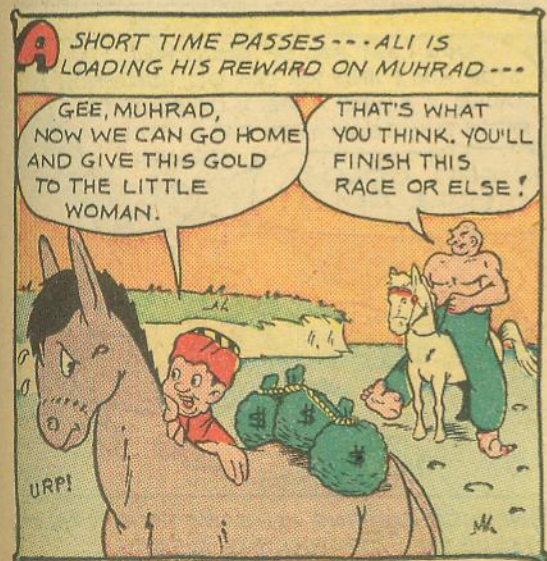
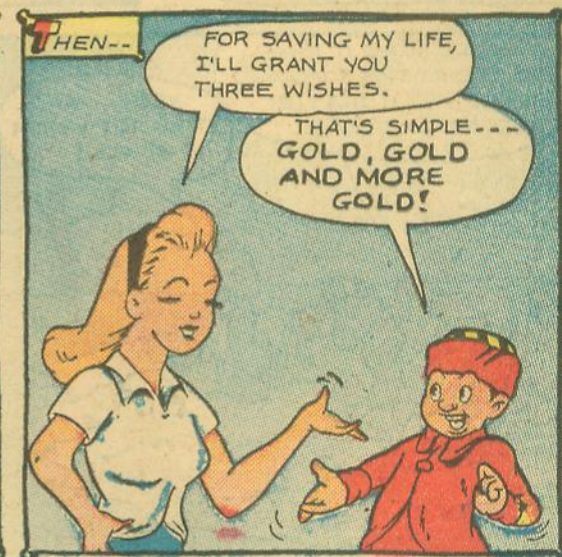
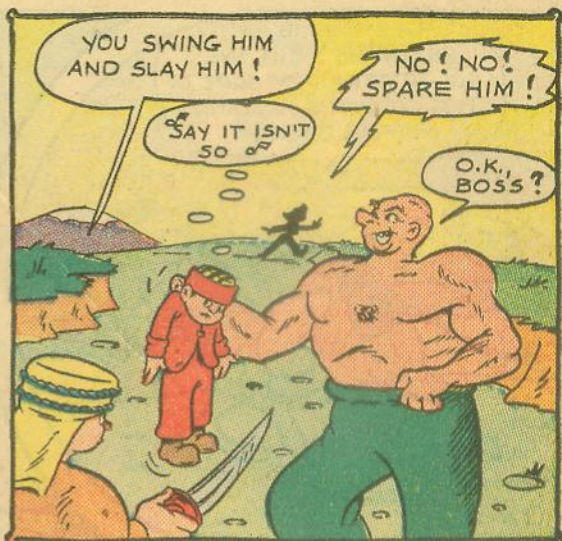




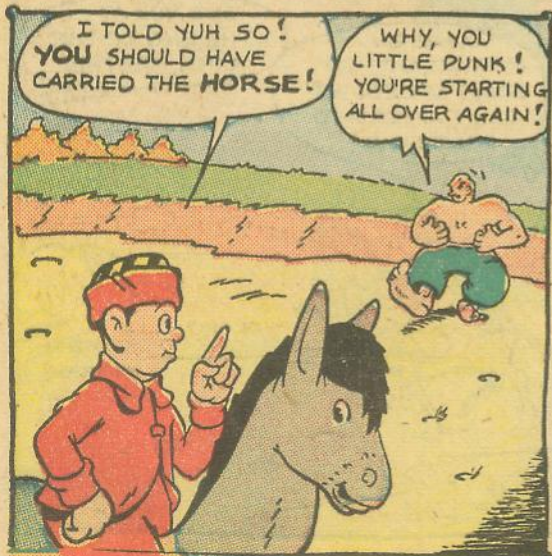
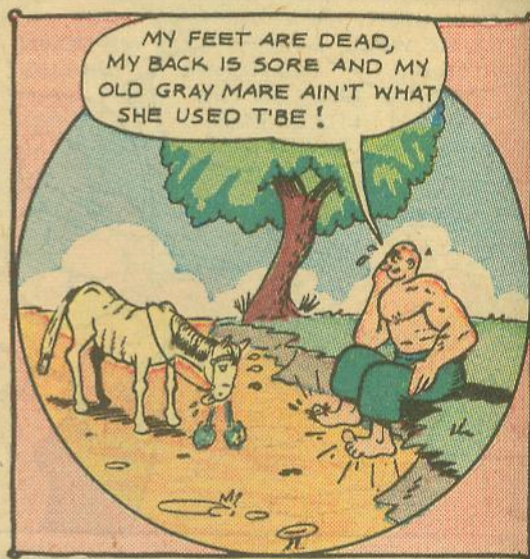
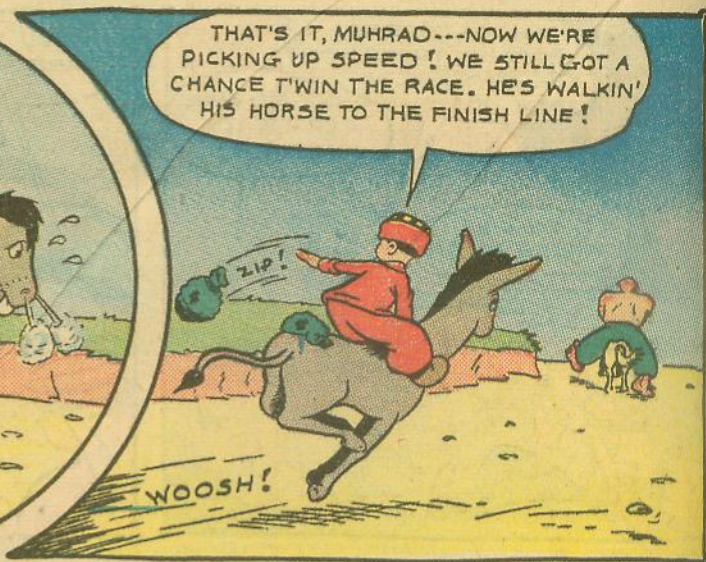












ANOTHER EXCITING ALI-BABA TALE IN NEXT ISSUE OF "SPARKLING STARS".



# Puzzle Page



**M**ARY IS GOING TO PLANT FIVE TREES. YOU CAN SPELL THEIR NAMES IF YOU PRINT JUST FOUR LETTERS, ALL DIFFERENT, BETWEEN CERTAIN LETTERS SHOWN BELOW.

**B**Y SO DOING THE COMBINED INTERLINKING WORDS WILL SPELL THE FIVE TREES.

FIUAPLE MINE

**T**HIS BEE CAN FLY IN FOUR CONTINUOUS STRAIGHT LINES AND TOUCH EACH OF THE NINE FLOWERS JUST ONCE.

**U**SE YOUR PENCIL AND TRY TO DRAW IN THE FOUR CONTINUOUS LINES.



TOUCH EACH FLOWER ONCE.

STAND

1

TAKE

YOU

2

THROW

TAKING

MY



**D**ETECTIVE DICK SHAW ADMITS THAT HE IS COMPLETELY BAFFLED BY THE ABOVE CRYPTIC SENTENCE WHICH WAS SENT TO HIM BY A FOREIGN SPY.

**P**ERHAPS YOU CAN GO TO HIS RESCUE AND UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FOR HIM.

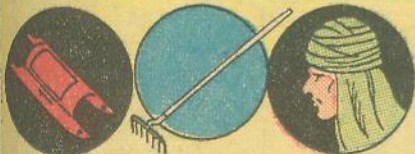
## RIDDLE

**W**HAT GAME IS THE NAME OF AN INSECT?

**W**HAT GAME IS A LABEL?

**W**HAT DANCE IS THE NAME OF A CITY?

**C**AN YOU ANSWER THE ABOVE RIDDLES FOR PROFESSOR WIZ?



**S**IX FOUR-LETTER WORDS ARE REPRESENTED BY THESE PICTURES. TRY TO GUESS THEIR NAMES AND ARRANGE THEIR INITIALS TO SPELL A COUNTRY.



## HOW TO MULTIPLY BY SUBTRACTING

**A**SK YOUR FRIEND TO JOT DOWN ANY LARGE NUMBER AND THEN ASK HIM IF HE CAN MULTIPLY HIS NUMBER BY NINE BY MAKING A SUBTRACTION INSTEAD OF MULTIPLICATION.

**I**F YOU FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE SHOWN, BY USING THE CHOSEN NUMBER CORRECTLY,

THE SUBTRACTION WILL ALWAYS PRODUCE THE SAME ANSWER THAT YOU WOULD GET BY MULTIPLYING THE NUMBER BY NINE.

FOR EXAMPLE: HIS CHOSEN NUMBER MAY BE 1357.

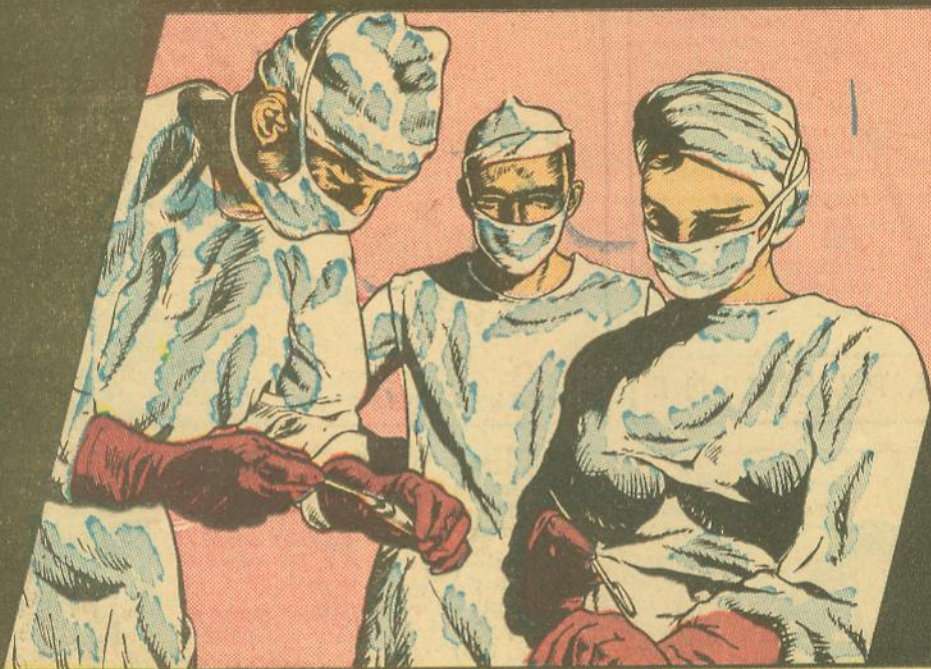
ADD ZERO TO HIS NO. → 13570  
SUBTRACT ORIGINAL NO. → 1357  
THE ANSWER → 12213

MULTIPLY THE ORIGINAL NUMBER BY NINE TO CHECK THE RESULT.

ORIGINAL NUMBER → 1357  
MULTIPLY BY NINE → 9  
THE SAME RESULT → 12213



# THE STORY OF THE MICROBE

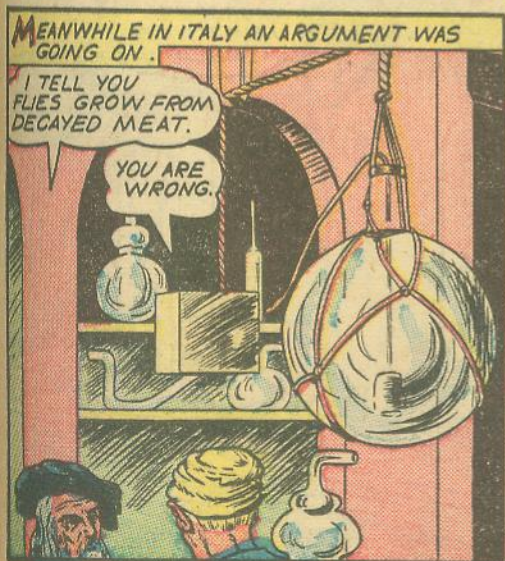


**T**O DAY IN OUR FIGHT AGAINST DISEASE WE HAVE LEARNED TO USE SUCH MARVELOUS WEAPONS AS PENICILLIN, THE SULFA DRUGS, AND VARIOUS TYPES OF RAYS. IT IS INTERESTING TO TRACE OUR PATH BACKWARD AND SEE HOW WE DISCOVERED WHAT WE NOW KNOW ABOUT THE MICROBE — THE TINY BEING THAT CAUSES OUR DISEASES.

**A**LMOST 300 YEARS AGO, ANTONY VAN LEEUWENHOEK OF HOLLAND SAID











HERE ARE TWO OPEN JARS CONTAINING MEAT. I COVER ONE WITH A THIN CLOTH...



SEE HOW FLIES GET INTO THE UNCOVERED JAR AND NOT INTO THE COVERED ONE. NOW WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE MEAT GETS ROTTEN.



SOME TIME LATER.

THIS MEAT IS CRAWLING WITH MAGGOTS AND FLIES. REVOLTING!

AND THE MEAT IN THE COVERED JAR, THOUGH ROTTEN, CONTAINS NOT ONE FLY OR MAGGOT.



WE HAVE PROVED THAT DECAYED MEAT ITSELF DOES NOT PRODUCE FLIES. ONLY WHEN EGGS ARE LAID IN THE MEAT WILL THEY GROW.



IN 1769, IN THE LABORATORY OF LAZZARO SPALLANZANI.

THIS MAN CLAIMS THAT MICROBES GROW BY THEMSELVES FROM MEAT AND VEGETABLE JUICES.

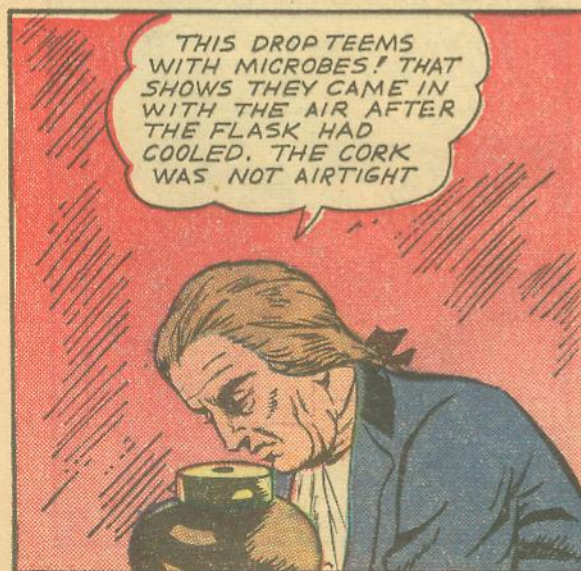


REDI PROVED THAT FLIES COME FROM EGGS. I BELIEVE THAT EVEN THESE TINY MICROBES MUST HAVE PARENTS.







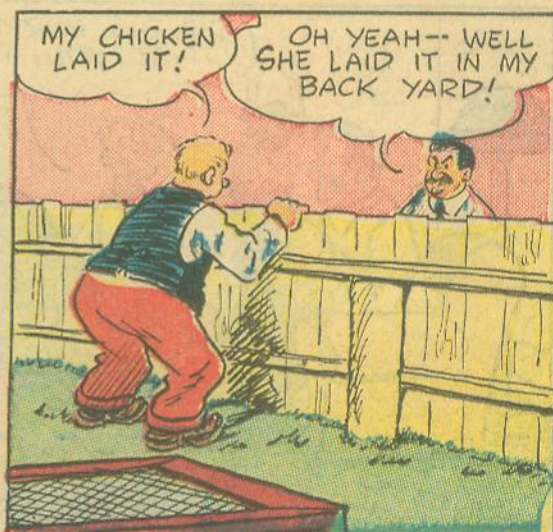


**T**HUS SPALLANZANI PROVED THAT MICROBES CAN BE KILLED BY SUFFICIENT BOILING, AND THAT ONCE KILLED, THEY WILL NOT GROW AGAIN, UNLESS NEW, LIVING ONES CAN FIND THEIR WAY TO THE FOOD SUPPLY.

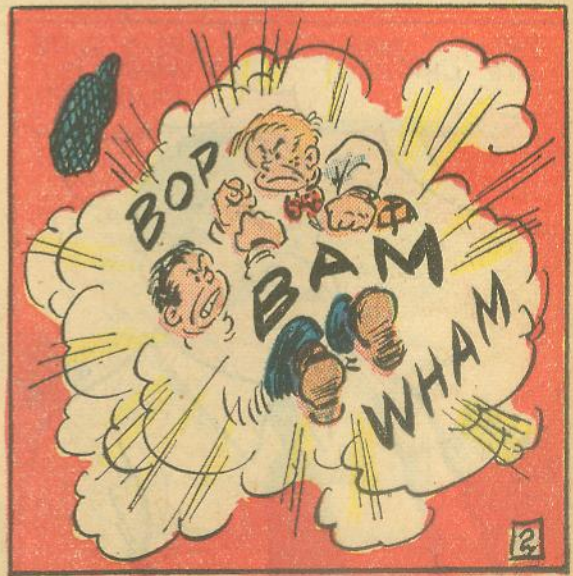
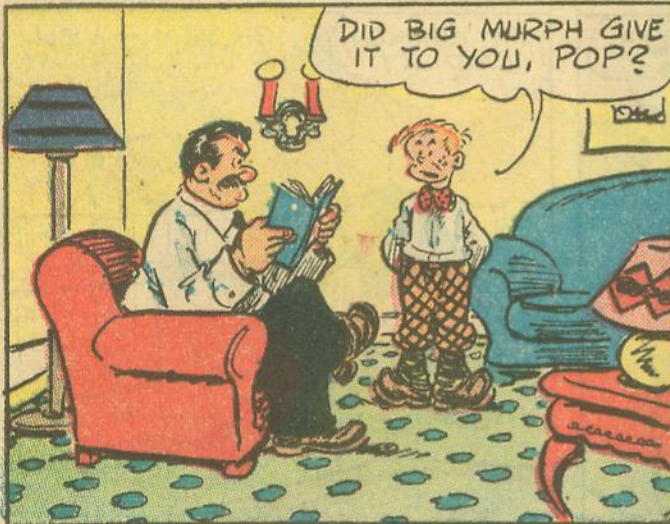
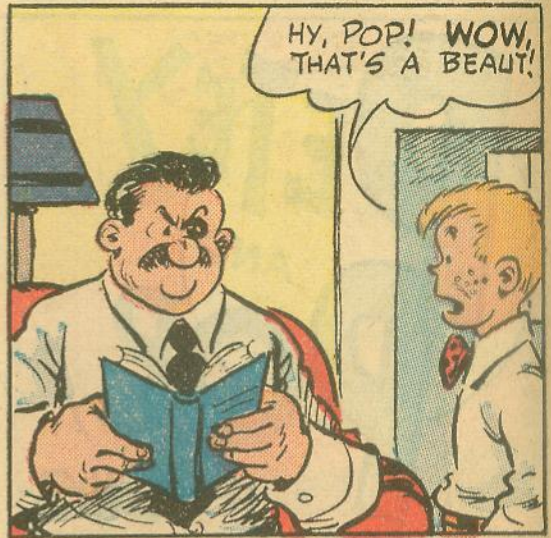


# PETEY AND POP

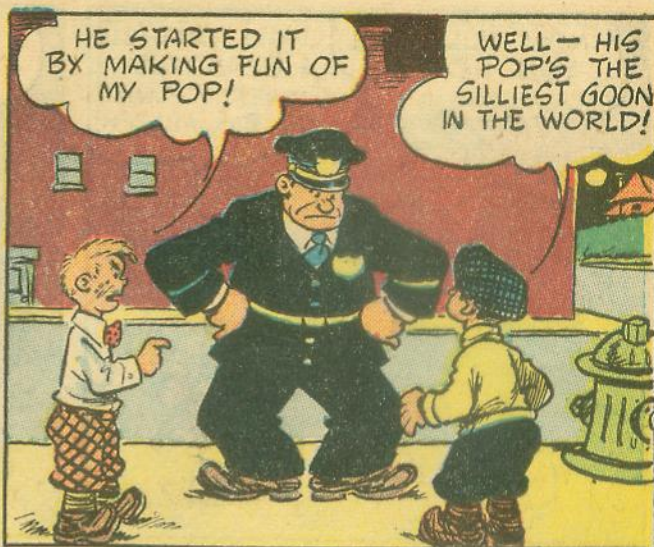
by  
-SWIS-



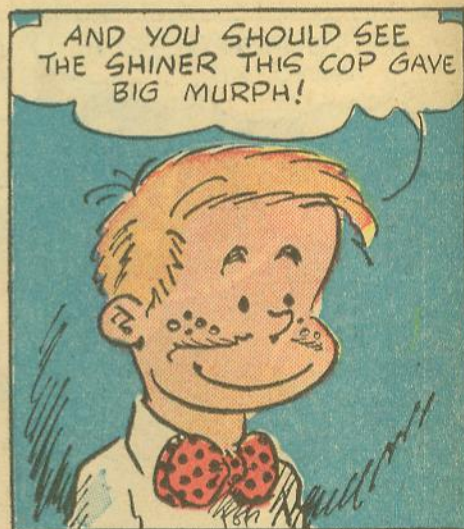
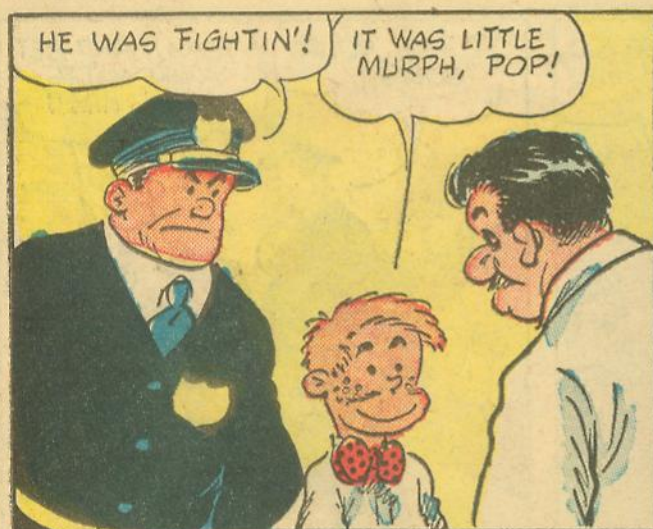






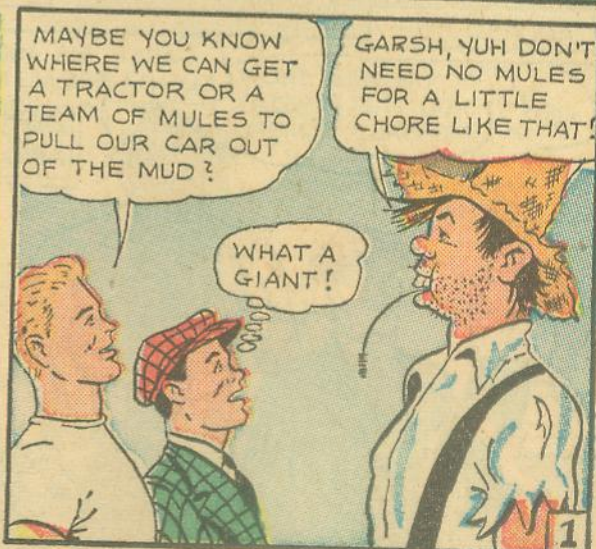
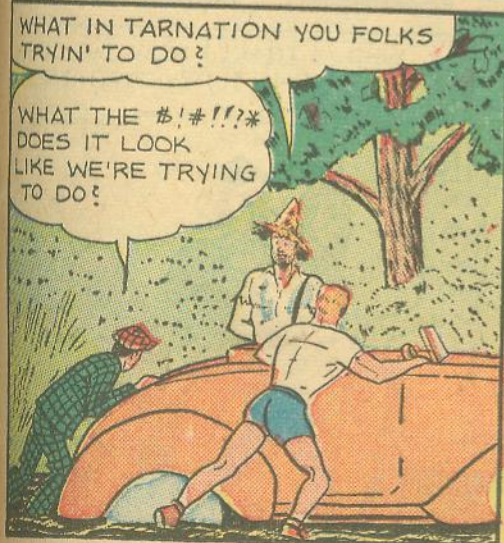
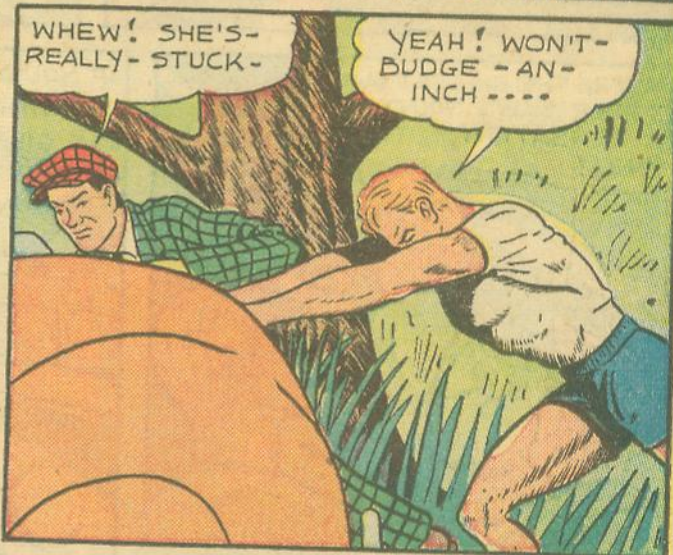








# BOXIE WEAVER





ALL YUH GOT TO DO IS PICK UP THE CAR, AN' LAY SOME PLANKS UNDER THE WHEELS. THAR'S A FEW IN THE DITCH IF YUH'LL FETCH 'EM.



WELL, I'LL BE--

YUH BETTER NOT LET THE SHERIFF CATCH YUH RUNNIN' 'ROUND IN YER UNDERWEAR -- AIN'T YUH GOT NO CLOTHES ?



SURE, PAL, BUT I DON'T WEAR THEM WHEN I'M TRAINING -- I'M A FIGHTER.

YOU'RE THE BIGGEST MAN I EVER SAW. YOU'D BE A SENSATION IN THE RING!



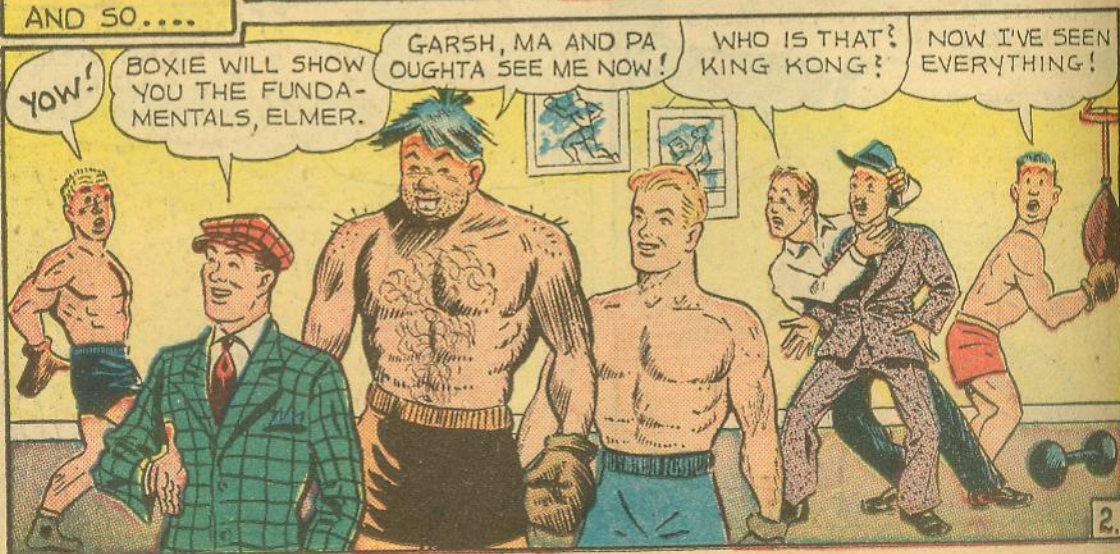
AND HOW!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO LEARN THE BUSINESS, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB AS SPARRING PARTNER.



I ACCEPT - AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO.

AND SO....



YOW!

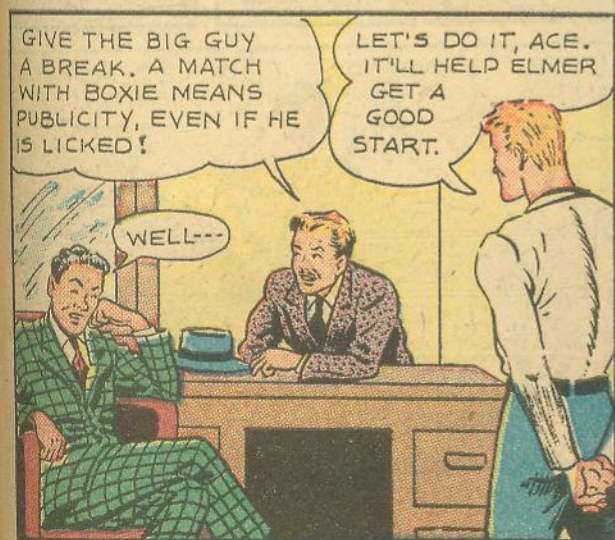
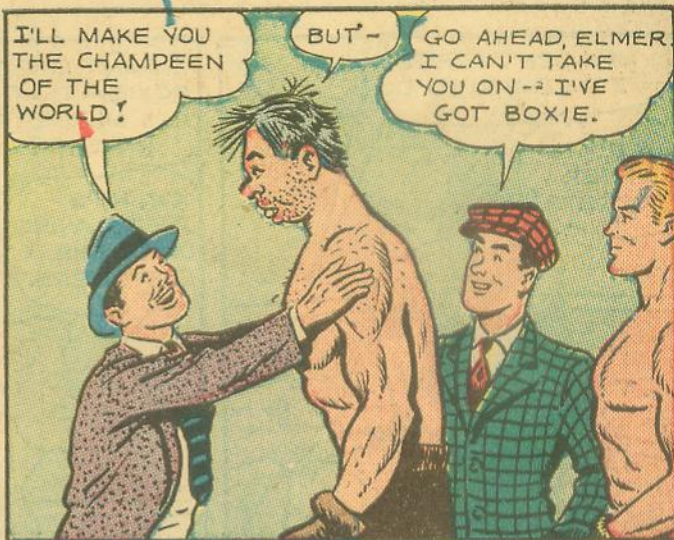
BOXIE WILL SHOW YOU THE FUNDAMENTALS, ELMER.

GARSH, MA AND PA OUGHTA SEE ME NOW!

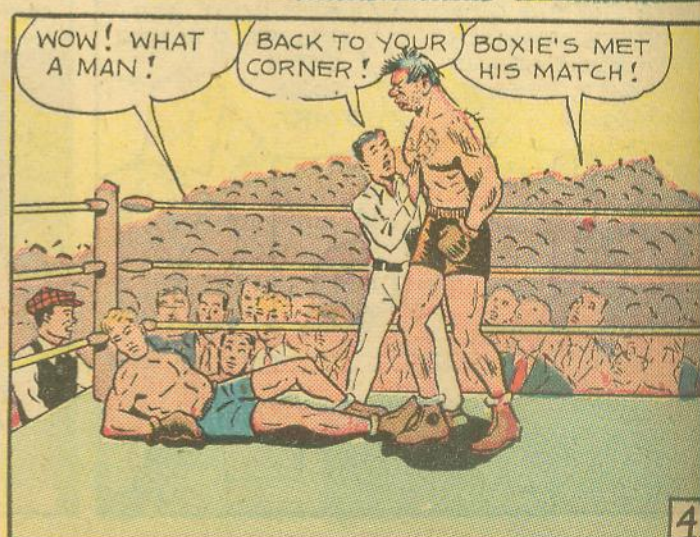
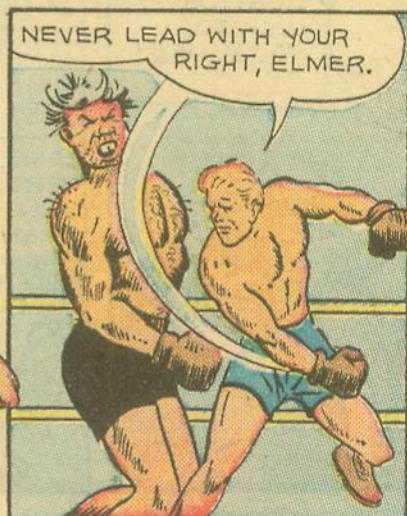
WHO IS THAT? KING KONG?

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

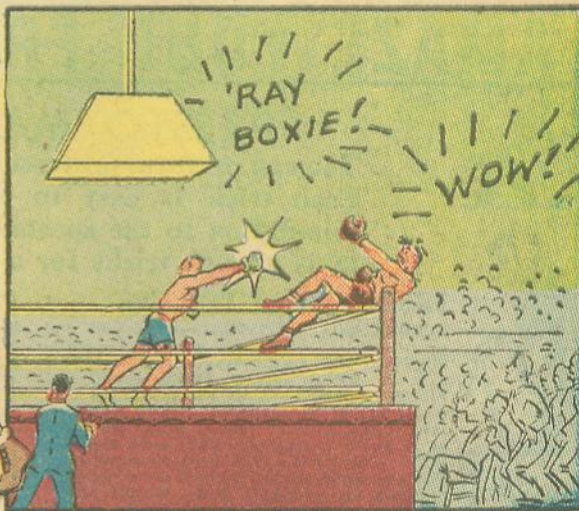
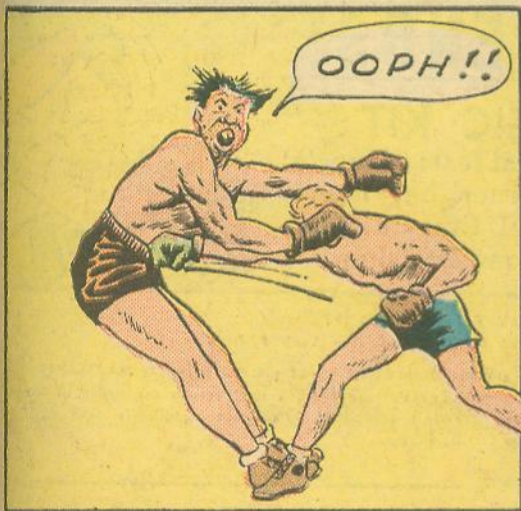
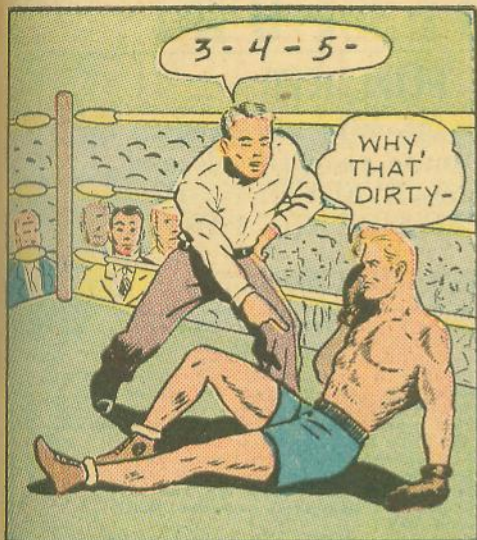




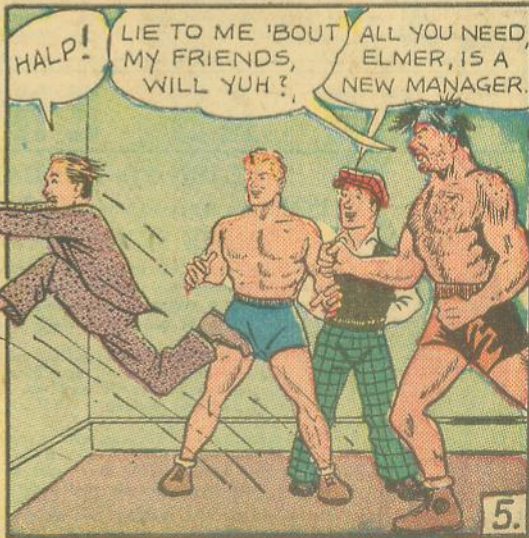
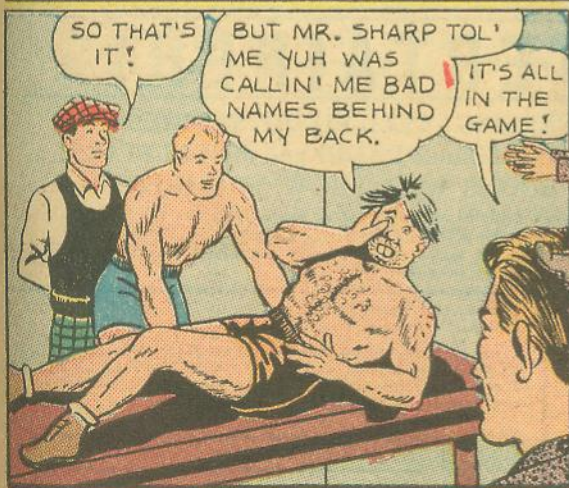








WHEN ELMER FINALLY COMES TO.....





# A BARREL OF FUN!



## JOKER FUN KIT

Each of these joker novelties will produce gales of laughter. Amuse your friends and embarrass your enemies. **EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!**

JAY SALES COMPANY

246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$1.00. Send me one JOKER FUN KIT immediately. Postage free. I can return my order in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied. No C.O.D. please.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

### HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

**PEPPER GUM**—the more you chew it, the hotter it gets. **IMITATION BED BUGS**—lots of fun. **STINKERS**—for loading cigarettes; they smell terrible. **CIGAR BUTT**—a perfect imitation of a lit cigar. **FOAMING SUGAR**—when victim uses sugar it foams over top of cup. **RUBBER POINT PENCIL**—you can write with it but your victim can't. **INVISIBLE INK**—you can write secret letters or code. **HOT TOOTH PICKS**—perfect after dinner joke. **SHINER**—your victim looks through this miniature telescope and gets a black eye. You get all this for \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. Mail the coupon NOW!



# AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!

## PRESTO MAGIC KIT

You can perform professional feats of magic! Each trick is easy to master but utterly astounding to the spectator! Every kit contains enough tricks for a complete show.

### HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

**BUDDHA MONEY MYSTERY**—coins, bills and small articles change or disappear entirely. **SUCKER CARD TRICK**—has a big surprise for a finish. **HINDU MYSTIC TRICK**—mystifying! **PHANTOM CARDS**—cards disappear from borrowed hat or handkerchief. **HINDU BEADS**—three large, brilliant colored beads are taken off a double string after both ends are tied. **WINE AND WATER TRICK**—a chemical effect that apparently changes water to wine and back to water again. **MAGIC RACE GAMES (5)**—at the touch of a cigarette, six horses are off in a real race. Lots of fun and excitement! You get everything for only \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. **HURRY**—mail the coupon TODAY!

JAY SALES COMPANY

246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$1.00. Send me one PRESTO MAGIC KIT immediately. Postage free. I may return my order in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied. No C.O.D. please.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



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## LEARN TO TAP DANCE! SING! TELL FUNNY STORIES

**YOU** can develop your talents like famous **RADIO** and **MOVIE STARS!** **THESE SENSATIONAL BOOKS WILL SHOW YOU HOW!**

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# HELL'S ANGELS

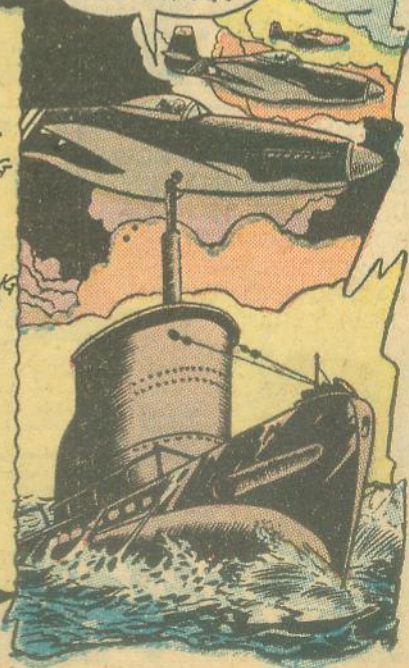


YIPPEE! LIKE A HUNGRY HOUSE-WIFE! WE OPENED THAT TIN-CAN! SHE'S SURFACING!

SOME OF THE SECRET EXPLOITS OF THE FAMOUS FLYING HELL'S ANGELS THAT HELPED TO WIN WORLD WAR II CAN NOW BE REVEALED HERE AT LAST!

ALTHOUGH WE HAVE CRUSHED AT LAST THE MIGHT OF JAPAN AND GERMANY, SOME OF THEIR REMAINING EVIL MEN, LED BY SPIES, SATO AND VON KESSLER, CONTINUE TO PLOT A COMEBACK OF REVENGE. WORKING WITH THE UNDERWORLD OF ENEMY COUNTRIES, THEIR DEADLY PLOTS INCLUDE DEVELOPING ATOMIC BOMBS AND THE "SUN GUN" 5,000 MILES UP THE SKY. WITH THESE TERRIBLE SECRET WEAPONS, THEY HOPE TO KNOCK OUT OUR PEACEFUL NATION.

BUT NOT ASLEEP TO THE DANGER OF ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR IS THE U.S.A. ITS ALERT FIGHTERS LIKE HELL'S ANGELS, WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST FLIERS TO BATTLE JAPAN, RANGE FROM THEIR "JAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS" IN THE FAR EAST TO OUR OWN GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. CONSTANTLY THEY MEET NEW EXCITING ADVENTURES!



WALTER JOHNSON



CALLING BASE, CALLING  
BASE! GIL LITTLE  
REPORTING! ONE JAP  
SUB HANGING ON  
THE ROPES!



**A** U.S. DESTROYER RACES TO PICK UP THE BATTERED SUB-  
ONE OF THE LAST THAT DIDN'T SURRENDER AFTER JAPAN  
LOST HER WAR.



CHALK UP ANOTHER SWELL  
JOB FOR THE  
ANGELS!

**AT** THE BASE, THE FAMED FLYING TRIO  
BOARD THEIR PRIZE!



STEP LIVELY, NIPS! WE  
GET FIRST LOOK AT YOUR  
UNDERSEA MONKEY  
CAGE.

SAY! BLUEPRINTS OF NAZI SECRET WEAPON,  
PERFECTED JUST BEFORE ALLIES KNOCKED  
OUT GERMANY! AND THE NIPS ALMOST  
SMUGGLED 'EM  
THROUGH FROM  
NAZI-LAND!



LOOKS AS IF  
GENERALS SATO  
AND VON KESSLER  
ARE TIED UP WITH THIS  
PLOT, ...LOOK!

THEY HAVE DUPLICATE  
SECRET PRINTS HIDDEN  
SOMEWHERE IN THE  
U. S. A. ONE IS FOR A  
ROCKET BOMB THAT  
CAN CROSS THE  
PACIFIC AND SMASH  
NEW YORK!

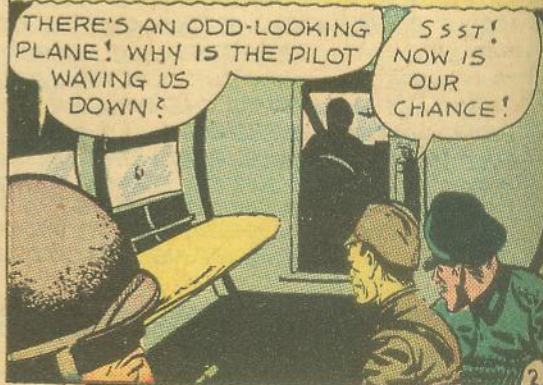
DON'T WORRY,  
I MADE SURE  
THAT SATO  
AND VON  
KESSLER ARE  
IN THE U. S. A.  
BEHIND  
BARS



**MEANWHILE, THOUSANDS OF MILES  
AWAY FROM THE HELL'S ANGELS,  
GENERALS SATO AND VON KESSLER  
ARE BEING FLOWN TO THE FEDERAL  
PRISON AT LEAVENWORTH.**

THERE'S AN ODD-LOOKING  
PLANE! WHY IS THE PILOT  
WAVING US  
DOWN?

Ssst!  
NOW IS  
OUR  
CHANCE!







MOST CLEVER RESCUE! UNFORTUNATELY OUR OWN PLANE IS DAMAGED.

BUT WE'VE SAFE! WE CAN ESCAPE WITH OUR ROCKET-ATOMIC BOMB PLANS!



AND SO, WHEN GIL REPORTS TO PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS, HE RECEIVES STARTLING NEWS!

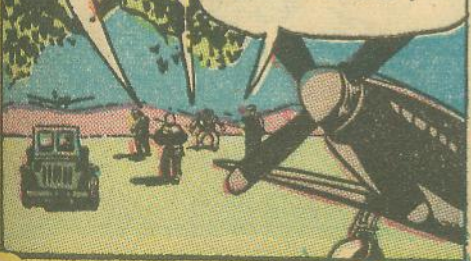
RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO THE U.S.A.! SATO AND VON KESSLER ARE ON THE LOOSE! YOU "ANGELS" KNOW THE HABITS OF THESE DANGEROUS DOGGONE RATS! GO IT! AFTER RISKING MY NECK SO MANY TIMES TO GET THEM, THEY ESCAPE AGAIN!

36 HOURS LATER, THE "ANGELS" HAVE FLOWN HALF-WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD!

AH! SMELL THAT GOOD VIRGINIA AIR--ALMOST AS FINE AS TEXAS.

IF IT'S FRAGRANT AIR, WE MUST BE OVER CAPE COD.

NO. YOU'LL SOON BE IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS--THAT'S WHERE SATO AND VON KESSLER DISAPPEARED!



VERY RUGGED HERE FOR LANDING FIELDS.

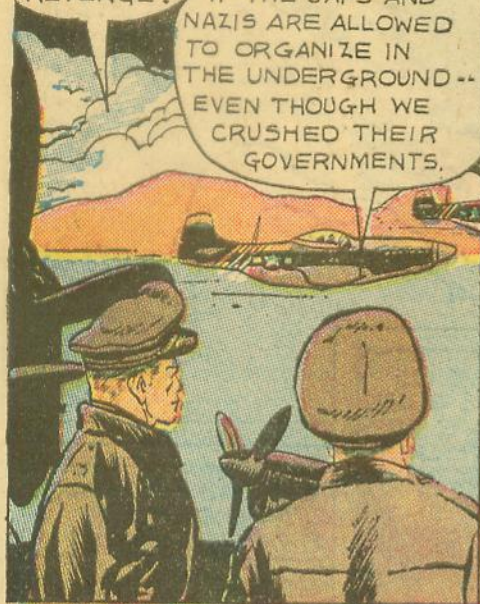
DON'T WORRY, SIR! WE HAVE A HEAVY STAKE IN THIS JOB!





IF SATO AND VON KESSLER SLIP AWAY, THEY WILL TRY TO KILL OUR DEAR ONES IN REVENGE!

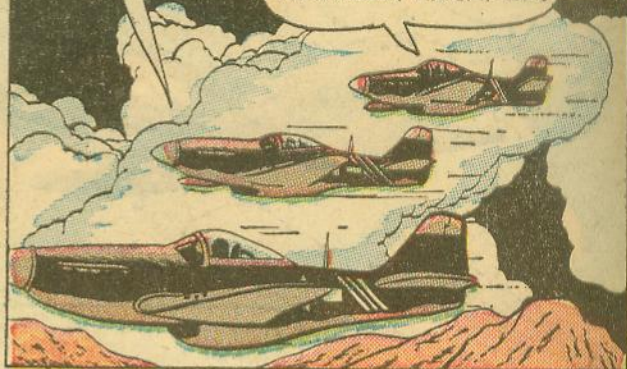
AND OUR CITIES WILL BE TARGETS FOR THAT V-3 ROCKET AND DEADLY "SUN GOD" IF THE JAPS AND NAZIS ARE ALLOWED TO ORGANIZE IN THE UNDERGROUND-- EVEN THOUGH WE CRUSHED THEIR GOVERNMENTS.



SOON, OVER THE GREAT SMOKIES----

LOOKS MIGHTY ROUGH DOWN THERE!

WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH SEPARATELY ON FOOT FOR THE WRECKED PLANE FROM WHICH SATO AND VON KESSLER ESCAPED.



SOON..

AH! NATIVES MAYBE. THEY'VE SEEN OUR OLD ENEMIES.



WE'RE DEEP IN HILL-BILLY COUNTRY! THEY DON'T LIKE STRANGERS, BUT BY KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH OUR WALKY-TALKIES, WE'LL GET ALONG!



HI! SEEN ANY STRANGERS AROUND RECENTLY?

YEP, MANY-- INCLUDING YOU!



TWO DANGEROUS SPIES ARE ON THE LOOSE! WE MUST CATCH 'EM!

GIT! WE'RE FIXIN' TO HAVE A TURKEY SHOOTIN' AND WE DON'T WANT NO BOTHER!





GOSH, THESE MEN DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE DANGER RESULTING FROM THEIR LACK OF COOPERATION, BUT I HAVE NO TIME TO TEACH 'EM OR FIGHT 'EM. I'LL KEEP GOING.



WHERE YA TINK YA GOIN'?

HMMM... IF THAT'S A HILL-BILLY ACCENT, I'M A PURPLE COW!

O--- I'M JUST LOOKING FOR DAN'L BOONE- SEEN HIM?



DANIEL BOONE? NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

THANKS, CHUM. IF YOU DO SEE HIM, GIVE HIM A HAND--- HE'LL BE PRETTY OLD BY NOW!

HE'S GUARDING SOMETHING--- AND OLD EAGLE SCOUT, GIL LITTLE, REMEMBERS ENOUGH WOODCRAFT TO SLIP BY HIM UNSEEN, I HOPE.



HE'S A PHONEY, ALL RIGHT! EVERYBODY IN THESE PARTS KNOWS OF BOONE!



SOON... YIPE! SATO AND VON KESSLER ARE ALMOST READY TO SCRAM!



CLEM! LANK! GIL CALLING... HOP TO IT, LADS, I'VE FOUND THE WEASELS!



SOME AVIATOR WAS ASKING FOR DANIEL BOONE. IS HE HERE?

ACH! DUMMKOPF! HE SAW THROUGH YOUR HILL-BILLY DISGUISE! VE IST SUSPECTED. GET READY TO KILL!





THOUGH WE GREATLY OUTNUMBER DER AMERIKANS, THEY'RE BEATING US, SATO. SOMETHING DESPERATE WE MUST DO!



TOGETHER, VON KESSLER, WE SHOOT PRISON GAS SHELLS AT THE PALE FACES.

OH, THE UNEXPECTED GAS! IT'S SHOCKING ME TO DEATH!

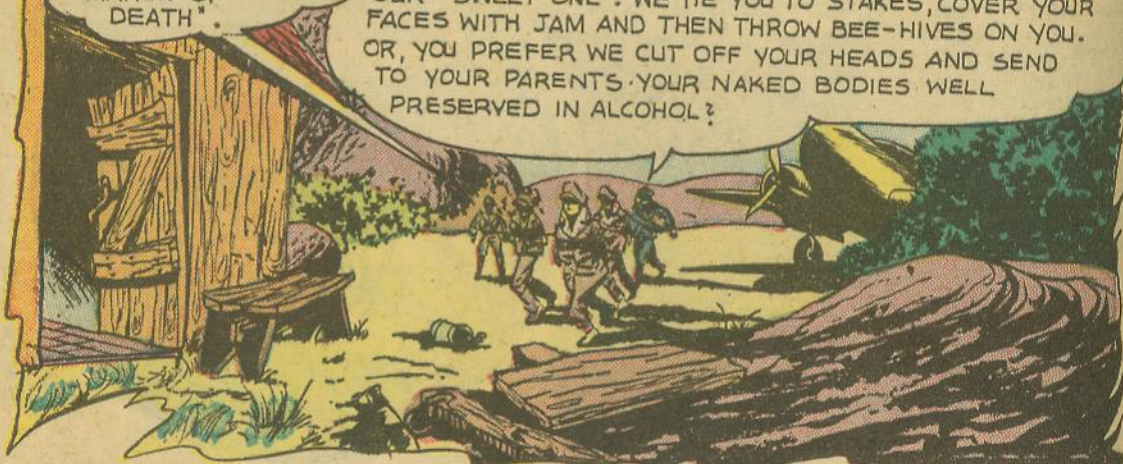
IT'S HORRIBLE STUFF. BUT LET'S DIE FIGHTING!

RIGHT OH-H-H!



NOW THAT WE GOT THE ANGELS HELPLESS, LET'S PUT THEM THRU HONORABLE JAPANESE "MARCH OF DEATH".

BETTER WE TRY OUT MORE SCIENTIFIC GERMAN TORTURES, WHICH HAVE KILLED MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. SORRY WE HAVEN'T HERE OUR NAZI "DEVILS' FURNACES" OR GAS MURDER VANS. BUT WE CAN TREAT YOU AMERIKANS WITH OUR "SWEET ONE". WE TIE YOU TO STAKES, COVER YOUR FACES WITH JAM AND THEN THROW BEE-HIVES ON YOU. OR, YOU PREFER WE CUT OFF YOUR HEADS AND SEND TO YOUR PARENTS YOUR NAKED BODIES WELL PRESERVED IN ALCOHOL?



ACH, YOU'LL LIKE BETTER SLOWER DEATH IN THESE HOLES OF MUD. SOON YOU WILL SINK UP TO YOUR MOUTHS. THEN YOU MUST STAND ON YOUR TIP-TOES FOR HOURS OR MUD WILL COVER YOUR NOSES, TOO. BUT IN THE END, YOU'LL SINK OVER YOUR HEADS.

BEFORE MY MOUTH IS COVERED, MAY I SAY YOU ARE A GREAT SPORTSMAN?



SURE, NOW THAT WE ARE ON TOP, WE'LL SHOW YOU SPORTSMANSHIP. NEXT WE WILL KIDNAP YOUR PET LITTLE SISTER WHO WILL END UP SHOCKED IN YOUR OWN MUD HOLE.

THAT WOULD BE FRIGHTENING. BUT I ASSURE YOU OUR PALS WOULD HUNT YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD AND AVENGE US.







OUR PLANE ALMOST READY, SO CAN'T WAIT FOR SLOW MUD DEATH. INSTEAD, I FIXED THIS OLD STILL LEFT BY MOONSHINERS SO DER ALCOHOL VAPOR WILL EXPLODE IT---AND DER ANGELS MIT IT!



GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA AGAIN, VON KESSLER?

JA! I TAKE MIT ME DER PLANS FOR THE ROCKET-BOMB, DOT VILL RUIN AMERICA AND ENABLE US NAZIS AND JAPS TO MAKE A COMEBACK AND RULE THE WORLD.



SOON YOU ANGELS VILL BE BLOWN TO DER HEAVENS.

WE WOULD RATHER GO THERE THAN WHERE YOU ARE GOING!



SOON... THE RATS ARE BOARDING THE PLANE.

AND THOSE DOGGONE HILL-BILLIES ARE STARTING THEIR TURKEY SHOOTING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY. IF ONLY THEY COULD HEAR US! THEY'LL NOT ONLY HEAR THE STILL BLOW UP BUT ALSO US WITH IT.



SAY, LANK! WORM THAT GIRAFFE-LIKE CARCASS OF YOURS TOWARD THAT OLD KENTUCKY LONG-RIFLE.

OKAY, GIL, BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR GAMES.

AFTER MUCH AWKWARD SCRAMBLING, LANK FINALLY GRASPS THE RIFLE.



HERE'S THE ANTIQUE --- SO WHAT?

SO WE'RE ENTERING THE TURKEY SHOOT.



SEE ? ALONE, WE'RE  
BOUND AND HELPLESS.  
WORKING TOGETHER  
WE CAN LOAD, AIM, AND  
FIRE IT-- AND MAYBE  
WAKE UP THOSE  
HILL-BILLIES !



THE ANGELS PROVE THEY'RE  
EXPERTS AT COOPERATION AS  
WELL AS IN INDIVIDUAL BATTLE !

UP A LITTLE  
MORE, CLEM ---  
JUST A LITTLE  
MORE TO THE  
RIGHT.

THIS IS THE FIRST  
TIME I PULLED  
A TRIGGER  
WITHOUT EVEN  
SEEING THE  
RIFLE.

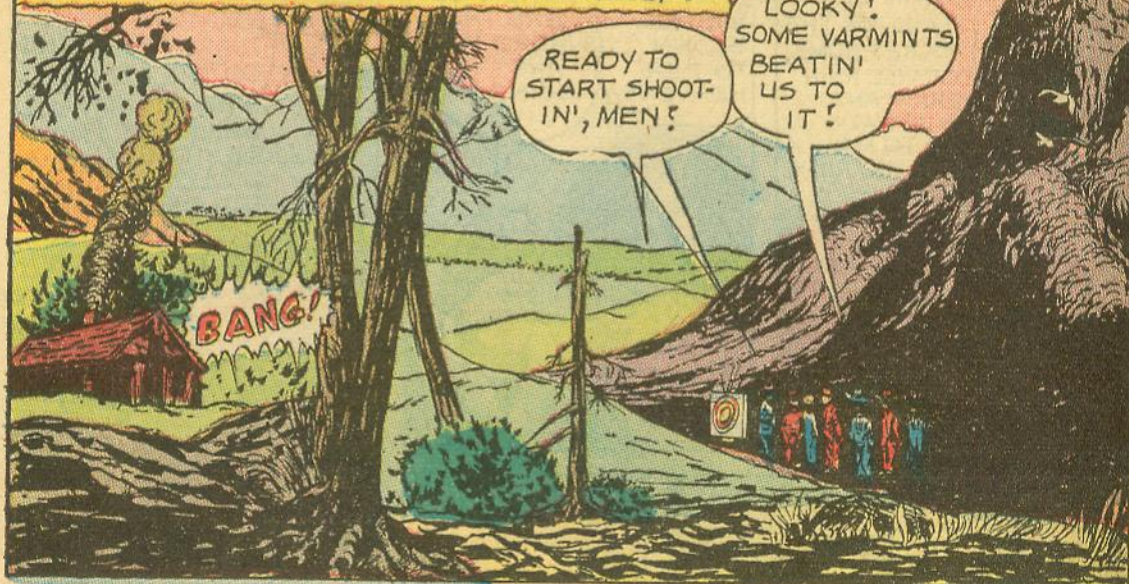


HOLD STEADY!  
THAT'S IT---  
FIRE !

BANG!



**T**HE SHOT CARRIES TRUE ACROSS THE VALLEY !



READY TO  
START SHOOT-  
IN', MEN ?

LOOKY !  
SOME VARMINTS  
BEATIN'  
US TO  
IT !

RIFLE SMOKE'S A-  
CURLIN' FROM ROCKY  
MOE'S OLD STILL-CABIN.  
LET'S GET THE CUSS'D  
POLECAT !

HMPH !

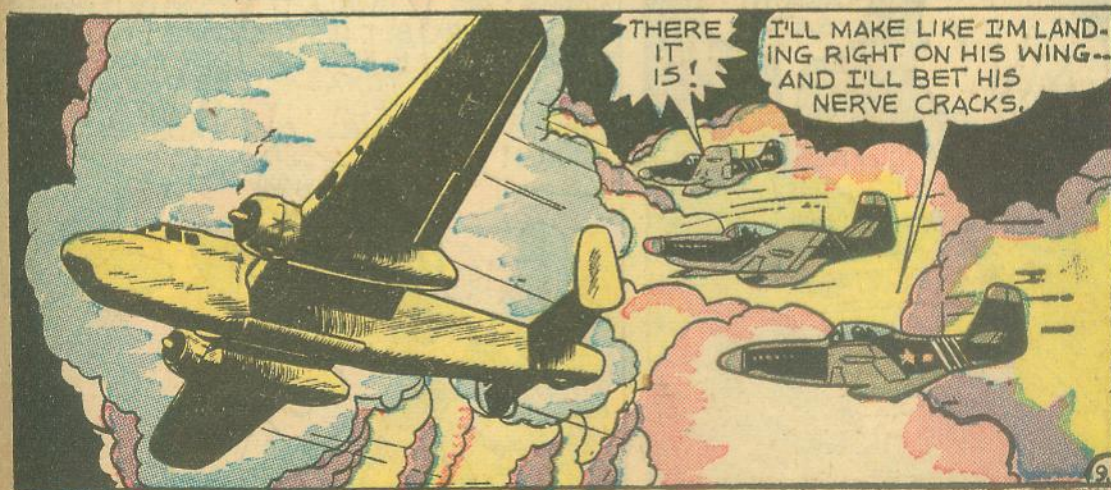


YIPE ! THE SEAMS ARE  
BULGING ON THIS PLUMBER'S  
NIGHT-MARE. IF THOSE  
MOUNTAINEERS DIDN'T  
GET HER, WE'RE DONE  
FOR !

SATO'S  
PLANE  
IS TAKING  
OFF !

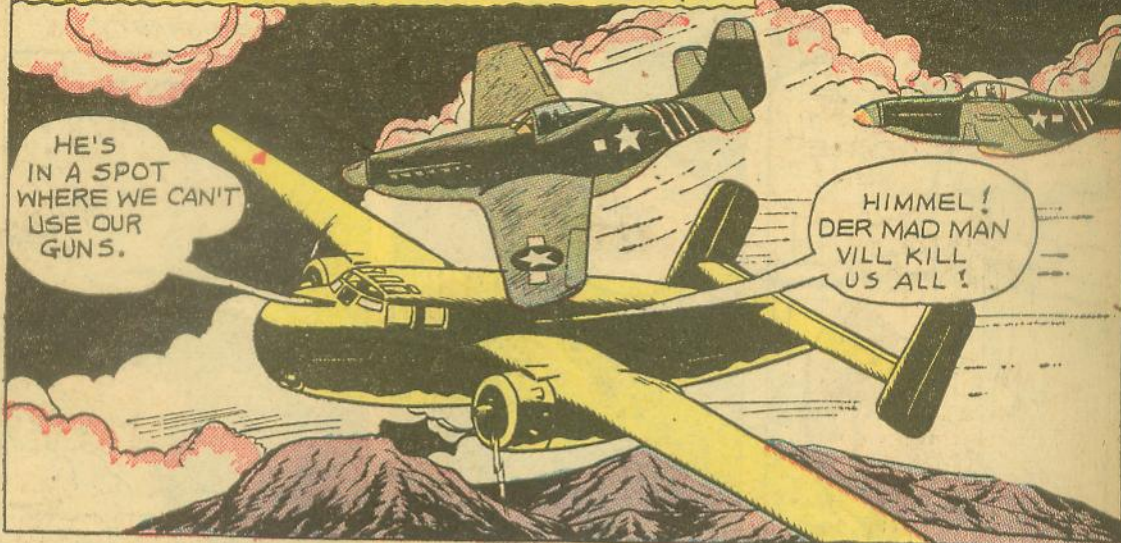








GIL'S DAREDEVIL FLYING TERRIFIES THE ENEMY!



HE'S  
IN A SPOT  
WHERE WE CAN'T  
USE OUR  
GUNS.

HIMMEL!  
DER MAD MAN  
VILL KILL  
US ALL!



I'M GONNA LAND  
BEFORE HE  
CRACKS  
US UP.

COWARD!



NICE FLYING, GIL!  
WE GOT THEM TRAPPED  
NOW!



STEP LIVELY,  
WORMS! UNCLE  
SAM WANTS  
TO SEE  
YOU.

HA! YOU  
NEVER  
CAPTURE  
ME  
AGAIN!  
I KILL!



Ahh!

WRONG  
AGAIN,  
SATO!

CRACK!



LATER, AFTER SATO AND VON KESSLER ARE  
SAFE IN PRISON ----

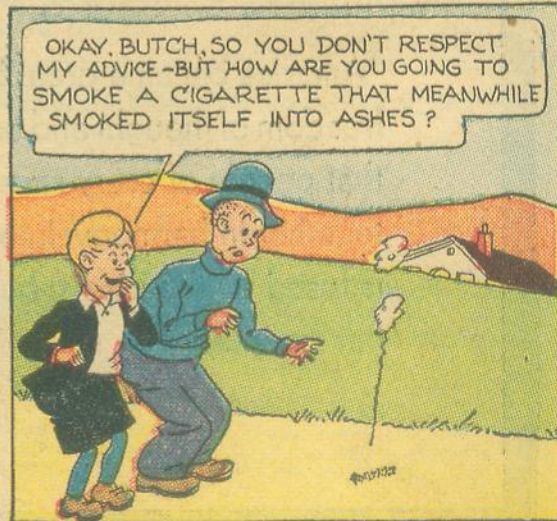
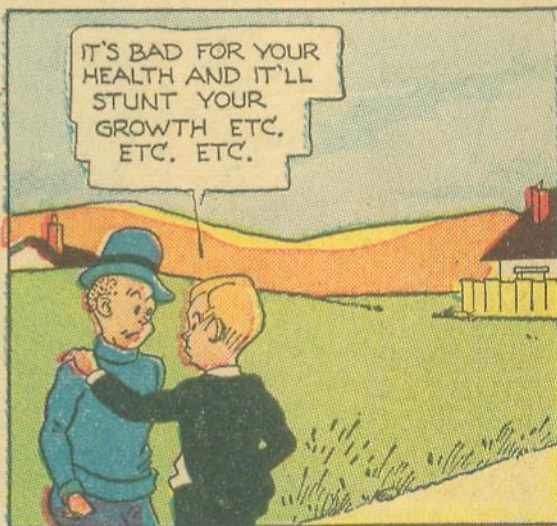
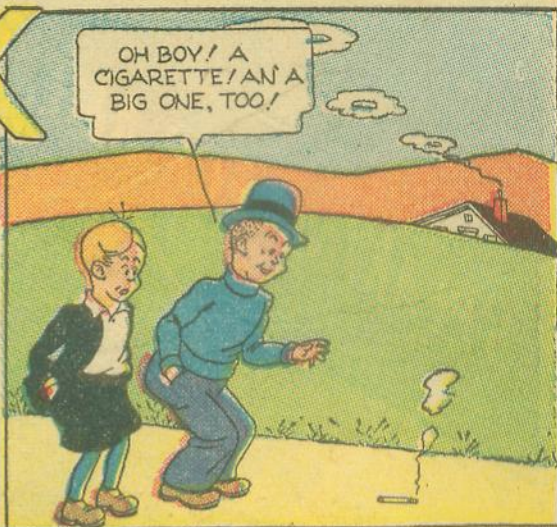
YIPPEE! WE  
ALL GOT FUR-  
LOUGHS! WE  
CAN SEE  
GOOD OLD  
LIGHTS  
AGAIN!

SWELL!  
BUT IT'S THE  
PLAINS OF  
TEXAS  
FOR  
ME.

CAPE COD, HERE I  
COME! TWO WEEKS  
OF BAKED  
BEANS AND  
COUNTRY  
LASSIES!



# CHUCK





SPEAKING FOR AMERICA



"America became great by being a secure haven for freedom of thought and action. We prove conclusively that people of every race and every creed can dwell together in harmony. Into the plain word AMERICAN is fused all the ideals, hopes, inspiration and faith of our people."

Harry Truman



• WHY BE FAT?

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*the lazy way*

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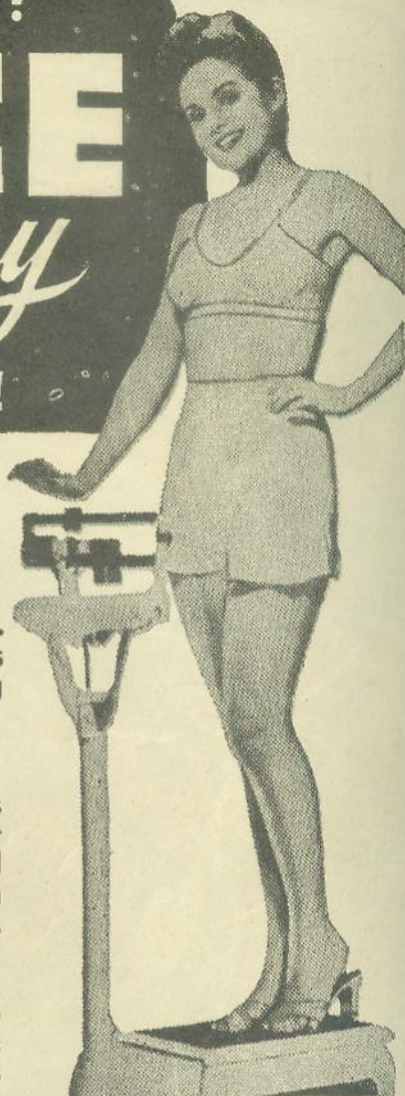
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